

The Elks

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Magazine

APRIL, 1933



WALTER
BEACH
HUMPHREY

"All the Brothers Were Keoghs" by P. T. Hyde & James J. Corbett



**"THEY TOLD ME
I'D NEVER FIND
A CAR LIKE THIS!"**

I'VE had an extraordinary experience the past few weeks. I've been trying out a number of low-priced automobiles. And I wouldn't be surprised if they have me pegged as a pest in a lot of salesrooms.

But you see, I was doing the buying, after all. And by looking around thoroughly, and being insistent, I finally got the kind of car I wanted . . . and for the money I wanted to pay. And it's a peach . . . it's a Rockne . . . backed by the Studebaker people, you know.

This Rockne is marvelously built for one thing. Everything about its mechanism is solid and strong like an expensive car. That's the thing that impresses you the first minute you drive it.

And Studebaker has made sure that Rockne is completely equipped with all the modern ad-

vancements—besides upholstering it as richly as though it sold for \$200 more.

Take my word for it, you'll be foolish to put a dime down on any low-priced car until you first drive a Rockne. I've tried the others . . . and I know. They're not putting a bargain price on Rockne, mind you. But they're not charging you anything extra for the Studebaker experience and quality that go into it!

TRY A ROCKNE . . . AND YOU'LL BUY A ROCKNE

Rockne offers you a six-cylinder, 70 horsepower engine floated in live rubber . . . free wheeling, synchronized shift, silent second . . . automatic switch-key starting . . . double-drop, rigid "X" frame . . . one piece all steel bodies of full aerodynamic design . . . electro-plated pistons . . . silent threaded spring shackles . . . hydraulic shock absorbers . . . extra large capacity batteries . . . extra powerful brakes . . . contoured upholstery with special coil springs . . . smaller wheels, lower over-all height.

ROCKNE SIX \$585
AND UP, AT THE FACTORY
SPONSORED AND GUARANTEED BY STUDEBAKER

This Book was written with One Purpose only— To Lower YOUR* Score as follows:

★ When we say YOUR golf score we mean you, the golfer who is reading this advertisement.

LAST year 38,507 golfers bought Alex Morrison's book, "A New Way to Better Golf", with two definite guarantees—(1) they could return it within 5 days if they weren't sure it actually *could* help them—and (2) they could return it in 30 days if it *didn't* help them, if it didn't enable them to cut their score as per the chart printed here.

How many of these 38,507 golfers returned the book? Would you say 10%? That would be 3,850. Or 1%? That would be 385. WRONG—not even $\frac{1}{3}$ that number! No—ONLY 128 COPIES WERE RETURNED! Only 128 out of 38,507 . . . or about 3 tenths of one per cent!

The Famous Double Guarantee

FIRST—If 5 days' examination of "The New Way to Better Golf" by Alex Morrison doesn't "sell" you on what it can do for your game. . . OR SECOND—If you put Alex Morrison's suggestions into practice and within one month you don't reduce your score in accordance with the little chart below. . . THEN merely return the book and your \$2 will be refunded at once! There are no strings to this guarantee.

| If Your Present Score is | In One Month You'll Score |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 130 | 115 |
| 120 | 110 |
| 110 | 100 |
| 100 | 92 |
| 90 | 85 |
| 85 | 80 |
| 80 | 77 |
| 75 | 73 |



Taking the "Bunk" Out of Golf

Alex Morrison takes stereotyped bromides out of the game entirely. He has spent the last 15 years in proving his own golfing ability (with more than 30 attested scores of 65 to 69 over championship length courses) and in helping famous people like Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Dempsey, Charles Chaplin, Paul Whiteman, Rex Beach, Fred Stone, Rube Goldberg, Babe Ruth, Gen. Atterbury, Eddie Guest, and others to cut down their scores. Whatever lessons he chose to give were at \$200 for 12. And last year, for the first time, he put his methods within easy reach of anyone to whom better golf is worth many times the \$2 his book costs.

Over 38,000 golfers took advantage of this opportunity the first year it was offered to them. NOW the opportunity is here again. If you want to learn through clear, interesting pictures and simple common-sense text how easily you can cut strokes from your game—if you are one of those who stand grimly before your ball "concentrating" with your knuckles and your muscles white with tension—if you get too much nervous strain and too little amusement, satisfaction and relaxation from your game—if you merely exchange business worries for golf worries—do not disregard what 38,000 others have learned. Merely mail this coupon—without money—at once.

SEND NO MONEY

Send no money with this coupon. When the book is handed to you, pay the postman only \$2, plus postage charges. Read it for 5 days. If you are not convinced that this New Kind of Golf Instruction can do as much for *your* game as it has for so many thousands of others, then return the book and your \$2 will be refunded. Now the second part of this DOUBLE-GUARANTEE is this—if you will put Mr. Morrison's suggestions into practice and within one month you don't reduce your score in accordance with the little chart shown here, AGAIN it's your privilege to return the book for your \$2 refund. Surely no offer could be fairer than that. Send no money now. Merely fill out and mail the order form at once. Simon & Schuster, Inc. (Dept. 54), 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

SIMON & SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 54
386 Fourth Ave., New York City

Please send me Alex Morrison's illustrated book, "A New Way to Better Golf." When the postman delivers it I will pay \$2, plus postage charges. It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. Morrison's instructions into practice does not—within one month—reduce my score as indicated in the schedule shown above, I have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my \$2 is to be refunded at once.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$2 herewith, thus saving postage charges. Same refund privileges apply, of course.

What Can It Do for YOU?

Why did only ONE out of every 301 golfers who bought this book return it—in these days when we are all mighty critical of things for which we pay our money? Because it *did*, and *does*, exactly what is claimed for it. This and many other full pages could not carry, even in small type, all the enthusiastic reports received. Those reproduced here are but a few of the many.

To judge what this new kind of instruction can do for *you*—read what it has done for others! See how men who had never broken 100 dropped to the 90's and the 80's—how those in the 90's dropped to the 80's and 70's. Some won Club Championships. Others lengthened their drives. Others improved their form. Others found entirely new pleasure in a game which had driven them to exasperation and despair.

Last year you might have been skeptical about what this or any other book could do for your game. But by this year surely it has proved itself at least worth investigation! The same liberal guarantee applies. You can lose nothing but unwanted strokes!

Before, 100—After, 85
Morrison's book brought me down to a consistent 85—from 95 to 100.—H. C. Abbott, 113 N. 10 Street, Quincy, Ill.

From 90's to 80's
Best thing printed. Never broke 90 before. After reading, went low as 81.—R. H. Irvine, 1106 Crain St., Evanston, Ill.

Wins Championship
Won Club Championship! Can truthfully say it was through Morrison principles.—Dr. B. McDowell, 6117 Mission Dr., Kansas City, Mo.

85 to 77
Age 51. Average past two years, 85. Day after reading Morrison shot 77; broke 80 several times since—on our hard course.—S. W. Jackson, Ft. Smith, Ark.

78 on Hard Course
For 15 years I've been more in 90's than in 80's. After reading it, shot a 78. Am nearly 60 yrs. old and Baltimore is a hard course.—F. Finney, 71 E. 35 St., N. Y.

96 to 87
Never could shoot our difficult course in less than 96. Following Morrison, shot an 87.—T. D. Newbern, 116 So. 46 St., Louisville, Ky.

Cuts 9 Strokes
Reduced from 89 to 80. Hope to be in 70's soon.—C. R. Woodward, 224 Watauga Ave., Cornington, N. Y.

Cuts 10 Strokes
Reduced more than 10 strokes.—H. A. Harding, P. O. Box 834, Detroit, Mich.

107 to 81
Before Morrison—100, 105, 99, 107, 103, etc. After Morrison—92, 95, 94, 86, 89, 91, 85. You be the judge!—Arthur D. Fille, Hamilton, O.

10 Strokes Off
Took 10 strokes from game—improved form.—Dr. Albert J. Arena, 621 Broadway Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

Shoots 78
Only way you will get book back is by force. The one book that is definite and helpful. I shot a 78—lucky Bobby Jones retired.—F. Ward E. Rose, Fremont, Wis.

115 to 88
Before, 112 to 115. After 94 to 96—as low as 88.—J. P. Davis, 806 Eldridge Ave., W. Collingswood, N. J.

Saves 10 Strokes
Consistent saving of 10 strokes. Due to smoothing upswing.—H. S. Chartier, 40 Rensselaer Ave., Amsterdam, N. Y.

100 to 82
Within 2 weeks changed from scores of 89 to 100—to 82 to 89.—L. P. Carr, 716-11 St., Tell City, Ind.

10 Strokes Gone
Had been shooting in 90's. Since reading it, have broken 80 3 times, and am in low 80's most of time.—J. R. Kenyon, 23 Spencer Ave., E. Greenwich, R. I.

90 to 80
Lent it to friend. His score dropped from 90 to 80. Worth 25 lessons at \$5 a lesson.—Dr. H. C. Riddle, Taft, Cal.

Handicap Drops: 20 to 12
Past scores, 89 to 95. Handicap card NOW shows 80, 82, 83, 84, 84. Now one of 23

Class A golfers among 300 members. (Don't print full name. Might sound like a boast, but it is true.)—R. D. W., Omaha, Neb.

120 to 103
Followed 1 Morrison rule: now play 103 to 107, instead of 115 to 120.—P. H. P., Pleasantville, N. J.

112 to 95
Score ranged from 105 to 112. Now consistently break 100—last week a 95.—T. H. B., Roselle, N. J.

Regularly in 80's
Was troubled with drives. Now play more regularly in 80's than ever before. Book straightened me out.—M. N. F., State College, Pa.

120 to 92
Whenever I broke 120 I felt "on my game." Then your book came along! Next week-end, 101 and 99; next, 100 and 101. Last Sunday 92!—J. R. M., 44 Wall St., New York.

92 to 84
From 92 to 84. Pretty good for old "duffer"—H. R. C., Wamata, Wis.

Something About This Number

WHEN Absalom Grimes, Union scout and spy, searched his mind to find the most effective disguise for his expeditions into Confederate territory, he hit upon a scheme that was beautiful in its simplicity. He wore his own blue uniform and played the part of a soldier of the Southern States, detailed for spy duty and awaiting the opportunity to slip through the Northern lines! And like many another scheme bold to the point of folly, it worked; the sheer daring of the idea carried the seeds of its own success. Grimes had other methods, too, that made him the most successful scout and spy of the Union forces. The story of his activities is the first of three articles on famous spies which Edgar Sisson has written for your enjoyment. It begins on page 14.

JAMES J. CORBETT, ex-heavyweight champion of the world and *beau ideal* of his profession, whose death a short time ago was the cause of national sorrow, collaborated a few weeks before his fatal illness overtook him, in the writing of a short story for THE ELKS MAGAZINE. With Phillip T. Hyde, he worked out the details of the fight scene in "All the Brothers Were Keoghs," the story which opens this issue. This was probably the last work of any kind to engage the attention of the grand old champion and gentleman.

YOU may, or you may not, like Mussolini and the Fascist party; you may deplore many of the aspects of Fascism, or you may hold that the great achievements attained under the leadership of Il Duce cancel any irregularities of procedure. In any event, it is not to be denied that Italy presents the most united front of any country in Europe today, that a new philosophy of government has been presented and tried out, and that under Fascist régime order has replaced near-chaos. Because of these facts we believe that Charles Spencer Hart's article on Mussolini, in which the man and some of his outstanding accomplishments are shown as they appear to an American business man, is one which will interest every reader in these days when all theories, save only that of inaction, are being viewed with an open-mindedness that has no parallel in recent history. "Blacksmith's Son," a picture of a modern Roman, begins on page 18.

HAVE you ever admired the superb swagger and independence of the men who put up the steel framework of our skyscrapers and bridges; have you ever caught your breath as one of them walked a six-inch beam, fifty stories above the ground, or watched another as he caught flying, red-hot rivets in a tin can, rivets thrown thirty or forty feet by his pal at the heating forge? We'll venture to say that you have, for modern industry offers no more picturesque, devil-may-care operations than those of the structural iron-worker. Arthur Chapman tells of his life and work in "High Adventure."

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . ."

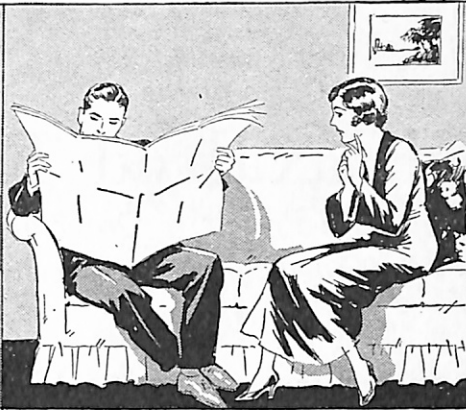
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

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I was so lonely and friendless, a newcomer to town. Neighbors had made their polite calls, but I noticed they never came again.



The nights were so long and dull. My husband hid behind his paper, bored and unhappy. I was almost desperate myself.



One day I read how a lonely woman became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School Home Study Course. I sent for details.



When I found how simple this short-cut to music was I sent for the course. It was fun to learn and before I knew it I was playing real tunes. I didn't tell Bob.



Then came our party which Bob dreaded. When I sat down and played a gay, peppy tune, Bob was dumbfounded—but the party was "made."



Now we're invited out almost every night. They all call me "the life of the party" with my music. I'm so happy I learned this easy U. S. School way.

MUSIC — the Surest Path to Friends ... so easy to learn this short-cut way

NO longer need you envy people who play—who are always the center of attraction at parties—who make friends immediately wherever they go. Now this newly perfected short-cut, home-study method can make YOU an accomplished musician. It can bring you the good times you've always longed for. It will lift you right out of the ranks of the "wallflowers" into the limelight of social popularity.

More than 600,000 men and women—boys and girls before you have successfully learned to play their favorite instrument at home without a teacher the famous U. S. School of Music way.

Easy as A-B-C

This newly perfected "print-and-picture" method is literally as easy as A-B-C. The U. S. School simplified instructions, written by expert teachers, first tell you what to do. Then a picture shows you what to do. Then you do it yourself and hear it. No possibility of mistakes because the diagrams are right before you every step of the way.

And you learn so much more quickly by this modern, up-to-date method than was possible in the old-fashioned, tiresome, scale-practicing way. Now you play real tunes almost from the start—by note. Every lesson is a fascinating game and you can actually hear yourself make progress. No teacher to fuss you. No wearying scales to plague you. No interference with business or pleasure because you choose your own time at home.

New Joys for You

Just imagine yourself the center of a jolly, enthusiastic crowd, playing the season's latest song or dance hit. Or turning to the classics and re-creating the masterpieces of the world's greatest composers, making them live again with your own talent. Think of what it means to have the pleasures and the solace of music at your instant command, ready always to bring variation and color into your life.

As a musician, too, there should be many an oppor-

tunity to earn good money by your playing. Thousands of our pupils have done this and thus paid for their U. S. School course many times over. Many have organized their own orchestras and entered a profitable, musical career.

Valuable Booklet and Demonstration Lesson Entirely Free

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our booklet, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows graphically how simple this expert home instruction really is. You'll see how easily you can become an accomplished musician as many thousands of others have. Instruments supplied if desired—cash or credit.

You owe it to yourself to get this valuable booklet and Demonstration Lesson at once. No obligation whatever on your part. Be sure to mail the coupon TODAY. U. S. School of Music, 3624 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC 3624 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have You
..... Instrument?.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------|
| Piano | Violin |
| Organ | Clarinet |
| Ukulele | Flute |
| Cornet | Saxophone |
| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Mandolin |
| Guitar | Cello |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar | |
| Sight Singing | |
| Piano Accordion | |
| Italian and German | |
| Accordion | |
| Voice and Speech Culture | |
| Harmony and Composition | |
| Drums and Traps | |
| Automatic Finger | |
| Control | |
| Banjo (Plectrum, 5- | |
| String or Tenor) | |
| Junior's Piano Course | |

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks



of the United States of America



Official Circular Number Eight

*Elks National Memorial
 Headquarters Building,
 2750 Lake View Avenue,
 Chicago, Ill., March 15, 1933*

*To the Officers and Members of the
 Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

MY BROTHERS:

I am sure I voice the sentiments of all my Brothers when I say to our newly elected officers:
 Hearty congratulations and best wishes!

Let us show that we are with them by attending the installation ceremonies to be held at the first meeting in April. Start the Lodge year right by pledging your support to these Brothers who have assumed the burden of directing the activities of your Lodge. We must have faithful followers as well as loyal leaders if our beloved Order is to maintain its place in the front rank of American fraternities.

Because of the change in the plan of representation, many inquiries have been received with reference to membership in the Grand Lodge, the rights and duties of the subordinate Lodge representative, and the expense allowance for the representative. All of the membership are interested in these subjects and I have concluded to deal with them in this official communication.

All Past Exalted Rulers who are in good standing in their respective Lodges are members of the Grand Lodge and entitled to all the rights and privileges thereof. To be a Past Exalted Ruler one must complete the term of Exalted Ruler for which he was elected. Failure of a Lodge to elect a Past Exalted Ruler as its representative or alternate representative does not affect his standing as a member of the Grand Lodge. Members of a delinquent Lodge are disqualified from participating in a Grand Lodge session.

By an amendment to the Constitution submitted by the Birmingham convention and ratified by the membership in a referendum last October, the Exalted Ruler of a subordinate Lodge holding office at the time of the Grand Lodge session is *ex officio* the representative of his Lodge. He is a member of the Grand Lodge for that session and entitled to all the rights and privileges of the Grand Lodge while serving as the representative of his Lodge. But he does not become a permanent member of the Grand Lodge until he has finished his term as Exalted Ruler, and then only as long as he remains in good standing in his subordinate Lodge.

It is the duty of the Exalted Ruler of each subordinate Lodge to attend the session of the Grand Lodge at Milwaukee this year, which opens July 17 and closes July 20, and to make a full report to his Lodge upon his return. The Lodge shall pay him his actual necessary expenses of transportation and an allowance of Ten Dollars for each day necessarily engaged in traveling, and Fifteen Dollars for each day actually spent in attendance. A subordinate Lodge has no authority to deny its representative the right to attend Grand Lodge.

Some subordinate Lodges have been making extravagant appropriations for the expenses of the representative and some have refused to make any appropriation. Both are wrong. The amount allowed by statute to the representative is the same as the amount allowed to Grand Lodge officers and Committeemen and to District Deputies and is ample to cover all necessary expenses. Often a representative voluntarily accepts less than the statutory allowance because of the financial condition of his Lodge.

This year many Lodges are planning to send to the Grand Lodge both the Exalted Ruler and the junior Past Exalted Ruler, who would have been elected representative if the amendment to the Constitution had not prevented it. Where this can be done without placing too heavy a burden on the Lodge treasury, it is recommended. Where the Lodge is within twenty-four hours' travel of Milwaukee, it should cost little more than \$100 for each representative.

The new officers will show their appreciation of the honor conferred upon them by their Brothers by familiarizing themselves with the Grand Lodge Statutes and the Ritual at once. No true Elk will accept an office in his Lodge who is not willing to do this. An officer who has not memorized his part of the Ritual within thirty days after his installation should be removed and an interested member who will perform his full duty should be elected in his place. A Lodge that tolerates a loafer in an office will reap the harvest of its neglect.

I am grateful for the loyal service of most of the subordinate Lodge officers who have served with me this year, and I bespeak for their Lodges their continued interest and support.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Hoyd E. Thompson
 Grand Exalted Ruler.



St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, the chief glory of which is the Melchisedec window in the south wall

1933 Grand Lodge Convention At Milwaukee, Wis.

Bulletin No. 2

IN a few sincerely spoken words, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson conveys to every Elk in America the message that, "Milwaukee has anticipated every desire of the Grand Lodge and leaves nothing more to be wanted!"

What a stamp of approval to place upon the 1933 convention plans; and what a recommendation to all Elks to plan to be in Milwaukee July 16 to 21 does Judge Thompson make in stating, with emphasis:

"Milwaukee is the ideal convention city!"

The occasion for this enthusiasm on the part of the Grand Exalted Ruler was a visit to Milwaukee to confer with Milwaukee Lodge officers about the plans they have formulated for the convention. Judge Thompson left, feeling that Exalted Ruler Chauncey Yockey, of Milwaukee Lodge, and Chairman Julius P. Heil, of the convention board, are hosts who deserve the greatest support, in the way of attendance, this year.

Milwaukee entertained the Elks of America in 1901. Thirty-two years have not obliterated the memories of a wonderful convention in that city, and there are those still active in preparing the convention program for this year who saw to it that the 1901 gathering was a success.

What are you to expect in July?

Well, the plans that Judge Thompson approved are briefed for you herewith. The entertainment, of course, is what you will be principally interested in at this time. The Grand Lodge sessions themselves can be dismissed for the time being in the words of Judge

Thompson: "The program prepared by the Milwaukee convention committee shows most intelligent consideration of the problems confronting the July gathering."

Everybody will be entertained to his liking. If you golf, or are accustomed to win golf tournaments, then plan to participate in the fifth national 54 hole golf tournament. Maybe you're a crack shot and would like to demonstrate your ability in the competition that will inaugurate the ninth annual trap shoot at the Milwaukee Gun Club, on Lake Michigan. The Gun Club is located about two miles north of Milwaukee Lodge's Home, along Lincoln Memorial Drive, where the waters of the lake come to the very edge of the highway.

Maybe you're nautically inclined, and like to sail the seas or lounge on the deck of a palatial lake steamer on a delightful July day. You can do this, too, on an excursion on Lake Michigan; or you can see an American Association baseball game; or watch a thrilling, breath-taking match of polo at Shamrock field. Bring along your tennis racket, too. On the large and numerous courts in Juneau Park, at the "front door" of the Elks Home, a tournament will be staged.

The supply of entertainment will never run low. You may enjoy better than all the above mentioned program, a good game of skat. Then over to the Municipal Auditorium with you, and join the skat tournament that will get under way on Monday, the opening day of the convention.

Every day of the convention this program of activity will be carried on by your Milwau-

kee hosts who will show you every inch of beauty, pleasure and historic and industrial life in Wisconsin's great metropolis.

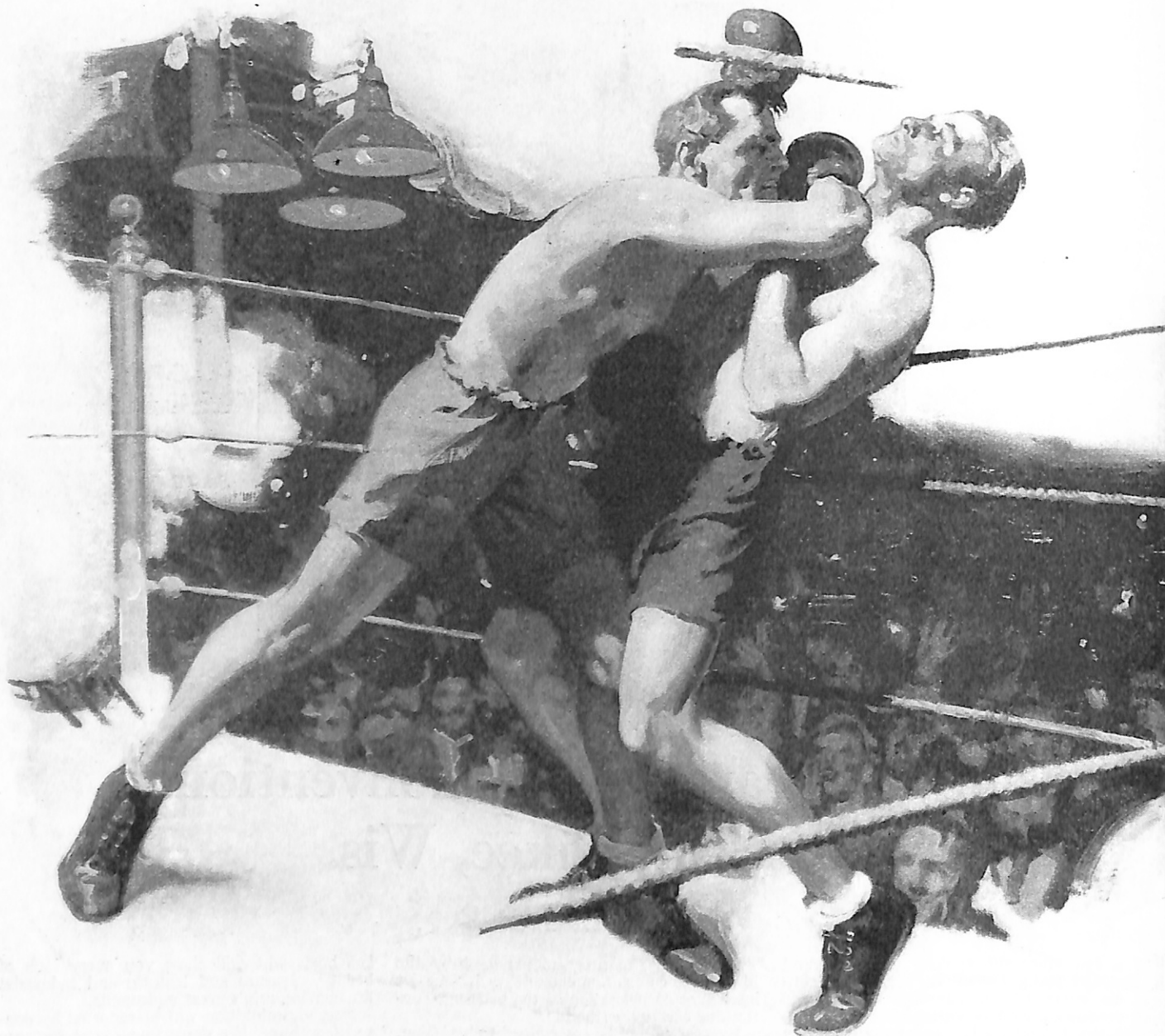
Maybe prohibition will be repealed by convention time. We don't know that for sure . . . we're just hoping; but regardless, Milwaukee breweries, the most famous in the United States, will hold open house for all convention guests.

The city will hold open house for the Elks of America; it will be yours for the week. You will be shown around; you will see the finish of the outboard motor boat race from New York, right at the front door of the Elks Home. Street carnivals and dances are being arranged. You, in turn, can show Milwaukee your appreciation of its wonderful hospitality by taking part in the Grand Lodge parade over a three-mile course.

Never fear that, in all this activity, you have been denied the privilege of seeing the World Fair at Chicago. Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson and your Milwaukee hosts have taken care of you well in this regard. They're going to move the convention to Chicago in a body on Friday, July 21. They want you to stay in Milwaukee throughout convention time; they want you to enjoy the World Fair when the convention is over.

The Hotel Schroeder, Milwaukee's largest hostelry, has been reserved for the convention week as headquarters of the Grand Lodge; the Municipal Auditorium will be the scene of convention sessions and the opening public ceremonial, Monday night, July 17.

THE CONVENTION COMMITTEE.



All the Brothers Were Keoghs

ONCE more Dinty Keogh was leaving New York with a blot on his name. This time a hunted creature, unable for years, if ever, to return to the one spot that was home. Strange to say, the injustice of it roused in him no defiance. It seemed to him, young as he was, retribution for past defections. Something in the depths of his soul quickened; "O'Brien had no way of knowing I had nothin' to do with that stick-up. I hadn't no alibi. He

Copyright, 1933, by Phillip T. Hyde

By Phillip T. Hyde

in collaboration with

James J. Corbett

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

knows I always ran with that gang." So his thoughts ran, strangely, just groping, trying to see how the pattern of life worked out.

Twenty-four hours before, nineteen years old, he had gone back to Manhattan from the Eastlake Prison Farm, eager to go straight, to start a new life, to make good. And here he was, a fugitive, without an overt act on his part. "Give a dog a bad name—" he saw, now, how that worked out. Jeff O'Brien of the Detective Squad

Toughie, snarling, exultant, whipped over his right, and Dinty couldn't duck. The spectators made the most of it



had known him too long, too unfavorably, to give him the benefit of the doubt. He knew pretty well what to expect of the old Dinty Keogh—he wasn't a mind reader, you couldn't expect him to know all that was changed. . . . "How could he tell I had nothin' to do with it?"

HIMSELF, he found that unanswerable. He could see how the detective's mind worked. "Try and tell him I had nothin' to do with it," he thought, bitterly. "Sweet chance . . ." Remembering what the friend who had helped him get away had whispered to him: "O'Brien says he'll get you if it's the last thing he does."

Hours slipped away from him, States unrolled and slid away beneath the wheels of his train as he brooded. "An' I was goin' to try and be a champ, too," he said to the landscape flying by, "what a laugh."

"An' I won't be able to watch Bob through the prelim—" he thought after a time. It was the first moment he had had, since leaving New York, to remember that. Just a hair-breadth chance of his own escape had diverted him from all thought of that. Now he felt the return, like a knife in his side, of the feeling he had for his twin—a feeling which had held him, always, that Bob was something more than human, that he was—well, almost a god.

Bob gave him, always, a sense of his own unworthiness. It had always seemed to him almost a sacrilege that he, a no-good, should look so much like his twin that their own father could hardly tell them apart. Always he had wanted to apologize to Bob for that. And it was one of the reasons, after he had come to his senses at Eastlake, that he had gone back to New York burning with impatience to make good. God! He couldn't go on disgracing Bob and the old man. . . .

Now he thought about the old man—about Hefty Keogh, who had been heavyweight champion in his day. Dinty thought: "And I've never been anything to him but a pain in the neck. . . ." It was like a nightmare to him now, to remember that. Dark passion was in his eyes, looking out at the night. Nothing but a shame to Bob and the old man, that was what he'd been. And they'd never know how he felt about them. His strong sense of tribal kinship flared up in him at that. Why, he'd give his right arm for either of them, and here he was.

And yet he wasn't rotten inside, he

knew that. He could find excuses for himself—love of excitement, wildness, but he'd never done anything vicious. His hand reached up and felt the scar over his right eye—the memento of the escapade that had landed him in Eastlake. Well, at last there was something that distinguished Bob and his decency from his bad twin. They didn't know that scar yet, along Tenth Avenue—there hadn't been time. Only O'Brien. "They've got you branded now," he had said. "That makes my job easier." The train lurched along through the night. In the black silence his thoughts kept whirling. The papers all summer had been saying Bob would be the welter-weight champion if he kept up the pace he'd been going in the preliminaries. Things like championships repeat themselves, sometimes, in families, the sports-writers had said. Dinty said aloud: "Bob—he'll be champion before the winter's past." He leaned his head against the window, tried not to care that he would not be there in the Garden to see Bob win his crown.

The train dropped him off in the

morning in a small town out West. A clean world that knew nothing about him and cared less. By a miracle he found a job. It was in the days when work was more plentiful and money came easier. But he couldn't keep away from the prize-ring. He was a Keogh and a Keogh has to fight as he has to breathe. It was simple enough to find the Laphams, who managed a stable of fighters, and the Laphams found him always ready to fight on a day's notice, as many bouts as they desired. "You've been well trained," they told him.

"SURE," he said briefly. They saw he didn't want to talk about himself and liked him for it. They had no idea that it was a constant struggle for him to keep from boxing as well as he could. Some day he'd like to let loose. "But I can't do it," he kept reminding himself. Nothing to make himself conspicuous, to rouse people's curiosity, to get them talking about him and looking up his record. . . .

Things like championships repeat themselves in families—and when November came and Bob was to fight Toughie Werner for the title, abruptly Dinty knew that he had to be there.

No matter what happened, if a hundred O'Briens stood in his path, he had to ease some need in himself, he had to go back, a Keogh, to see a crown bestowed on another of the royal family of fighters.

So a train took him back to New York as fast as it had carried him a way. Dinty Keogh and his scar that O'Brien knew, and in his pocket a medal that his priest had given him. He had left New York because of O'Brien and the scar and here he was back again wherever fate and the medal and the scar might be steering him. The future? That had to take care of itself. For the present he wanted only a seat in Madison Square Garden, a seat from which he could watch, like a thief in the night, like a shadow on the edge of reality, his wonderful, laughing unconquerable brother, prance into the ring under the spotlights, the applause, the uproar, and make the world his oyster.

Hat pulled down to hide the scar, collar turned up, he made his way across town to Broadway. Already, an hour before the fight, the Garden was filling up. Inside, he knew, newspaper writers, announcers, cameramen were swarming like hornets. Even outside in the street the excitement, the thrill, the blood-lust was unsettling the air. All for his brother.

Only for a second did he

stand there, then he knew he must get into some quiet corner. He entered a telephone-booth, scorn on his lips, scorn for himself. For he knew he was thinking of O'Brien. Knew himself to be afraid. While a swell guy like his twin was riding the earth a conqueror, he was skulking in the shadows. Fingering the scar under the hat, he put a nickel in the slot and called his father at the Garden. Outside in the drugstore somebody asked for an ice-cream soda and two girls with high-heeled blue shoes dropped a spoon and laughed loudly. Out of the corner of his eye, Dinty watched them. Then he heard his father's voice. He reached around with his right hand and shut the door tight.

"Say, pop," his voice was low, guarded.

The answer came back: "Bob! For the love of God. Where have you been?" Then, as if anger replaced a tearing fear. "Where are you, you damned fool? Jees, we been crazy worryin' over you."

Dinty, holding the receiver against his ear, stiffened. His eyebrows drew together, stayed that way. The upper lip,

that closed, like Bob's, in a sharp wedge on his fighting lower one, snapped down and no longer formed something like two smiles at the corners. "Bob?" he whispered. Had the old man gone dotty? Bob, of course, was in his dressing-room, surrounded by trainers. . . . What was wrong with the old man, anyhow? "Say—" he said. "It's me—Dinty."

"Dinty—" In the booth the rasping sound of a strained voice talking overloud echoed while the listener turned to stone. The air in the booth seemed charged, electric. Even outside, in the store, it was as though everyone knew something was happening. Something was horrifying Dinty's eye, turning his hands into fighting fists. He crouched over the shelf as he crouched when entering the ring.

"BUT he can't be gone—" his voice tore the silence. "How in hell could he be gone when he's got to fight in an hour?" His voice grew rougher. "But how—when—" Again the tortured rasp answered him. Dinty's lips moved once or twice, but he said nothing. Only listened. Then his voice came again, no longer a wraith on the edge of reality: "Say, watch for me outside the locker-room. Don't have no one there, hear, but guys we can trust—Partyka, maybe, and Schley." For weeks he had been in a dream, but this was life, the high moment when one saw beyond fear, beyond self. . . . Dinty thought: "I've gotta make Partyka see it too. . . ."

Outside, back of the Garden, old Hefty was waiting for him. Nothing was said of his flight, his return, his danger. In this crisis all that was nothing. Bob Keogh, an hour before the fight, laughing Bob Keogh, with the title in his grasp, had disappeared—that was all their minds had room for.

Dinty bolted the door of the dressing-room behind him. Bill Partyka, head on his hands, gave him a nod. Just the bad Keogh kid come back—not that it mattered. Matt Schley, the trainer, paid no attention. Tears were frankly running down his face.

"How'd it happen?" the black sheep asked sharply.

"The wise money," said Partyka, the promoter, simply. "They been tryin' to frame somethin' with us an' we couldn't see it. We wanted to fight. Bob's got the stuff and we could clean up." He stared straight ahead. "The wise money knew Toughie's number was up and they weren't ready."

(Continued on page 36)



"You've certainly got the stuff, kid. I'd like to shake hands"



HAMILTON WRIGHT, JR.

High Adventure

By Arthur Chapman

RISK? Sure. Every iron worker on this building is taking chances. Most of them have been smashed up at one time or another. But if they couldn't 'take it,' and if they let the risks get their nerve, they wouldn't be iron workers."

The gray-haired foreman of steel construction looked up at the huge skyscraper which was being fitted together like a picture puzzle. It was quitting time, and fifty riveting hammers suddenly ceased their machine gun rat-tat-tat. In the silence that ensued the small figures that had been swarming like flies over the steel work resolved themselves into men. More than six hundred of them passed through the gate, each man having contributed his share toward the team work which had kept the derricks swinging, the red-hot rivets flying, the air guns stuttering and the steel frame climbing skyward at the rate of one story a day.

New York is the great clearing house for iron workers. There are between 5,000 and 6,000 of them in the city, a large number of "floaters" making this population variable. Talk with the men who are constantly making over the skyline of New York City, and you will find that nearly all of them have had experience elsewhere. They have worked on bridges and buildings throughout the United States. They have plied their trade in South America, in

enough to walk on. You could walk along it as well as I can. It's wider than a good many beams we have to walk. You just forget about its being up in the air, and there you are."

The answer was "Yeah?" with a rising inflection, at which the checker players looked around and grinned appreciatively.

"You forgot to say, Wampus," remarked one of them cynically, "that an iron worker can walk beams because he hasn't brains enough to get scared."

NO," said Wampus, "the connectors are the only ones who haven't any brains. They're the young fellows, not over twenty-eight or thirty years old," he explained. "They shin up the columns and make the connection at the top. It's hard enough, swarming up these short columns on skyscrapers, but the tough job is getting to the top in that open hearth furnace work, like they have around Pittsburgh. Some of those columns are a hundred feet high, and many a time when I've got to the top of one of them I've been so tired, what with the extra weight of wrench and bolts, that I could hardly make the connections. You've got to be more monkey than man to do that work."

A good deal of the danger in steel construction depends on where one is placed in the raising gang. The connectors, as

various European countries, in Japan, in Australia—in all the places where cities have taken to growing upward instead of pancake-wise, or where steel bridges are ousting structures of wood. The American iron worker is in demand all over the world, and a real "floater" can equal any sailor when it comes to giving conversation a geographical twist.

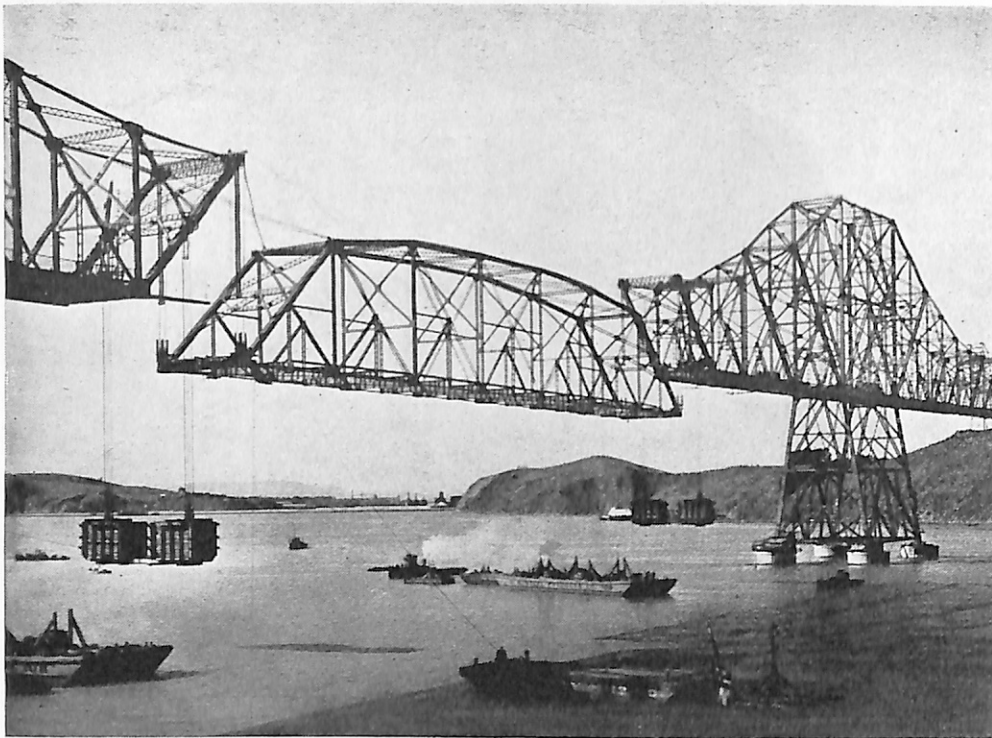
Wherever he busies himself, up there in the blue, the iron worker finds himself a center of public interest. Men will never cease to wonder at seeing their kind engaged in a difficult manual task amid surroundings that would seem to challenge the sense of balance of a mountain goat.

"How can we walk those beams up there, with nothing on either side of us? Maybe it seems like a gift, but really it's as simple as A B C."

The speaker was "Wampus" Griffin, who had momentarily deserted the continuous checker game in an employment bureau for iron workers in midtown New York.

Wampus, as stockily built and alert as a football quarterback, picked out a six-inch board in the floor and trotted down and back as a demonstration.

"You see how it is," said Wampus, on his return. "That board is plenty wide



The suspended span of the Carquinez Straits bridge approaching its final position

Wampus pointed out, play the most difficult and dangerous part. They are the pioneers, always just a little ahead of the other members of the gang. When the connector reaches the top of a column, by hard climbing, the cross beam is swung toward him. He thrusts bolts into the rivet holes, making temporary connections, soon to be sealed permanently by the riveters who follow him. Another connector does likewise at the opposite end of the beam.

There are eleven men in a raising gang, including two to four connectors. All are under direct charge of a "pusher," or gang foreman. The "pusher" has charge of the derrick, and his signals are transmitted to the engineer by the bell-cord man. Tag line men, with lines at either end of the steel, keep the load from swaying, and bullstick men steady the boom. The riveting gang consists of a heater, a catcher, or sticker, who catches the hot rivets and sticks them in place, the gun man, who operates the pneumatic hammer, and a bucker-up, who holds a bar, or "dolly," against the head of the rivet while the tremendous force of the air gun does the necessary clinching of the hot metal. In skyscraper construction derricks are moved to upper floors as the work progresses. The "bull gang," down below, attends to handling the steel as it arrives.

On most big jobs to-day a safety man is added, to cut down the chance of accident. He is one of the steel foreman's assistants, and watches details of the work, above and below, seeing that derricks are not overloaded and that nobody has left any loose rivets lying around on beams—a frequent cause of accidents—and, in short, that all safety rules are being lived up to.

In spite of these precautions, and the team work of skilled men, accidents happen. A man may grow careless, through long familiarity with danger, or some unlooked-for emergency, beyond human control, may arise. Those who were putting

up the Chrysler building were confronted with such an emergency when a blown-out fuse left seven heavily loaded derricks swinging many tons of steel over the streets for hours until the cause could be located. In the meantime the foreman and his distracted "pushers" had a sudden rush of gray hair to the head.

The element of human fallibility—carelessness about minor details—results in accidents, many of which are fatal. In the construction of a modern skyscraper it is estimated that more than thirty trades follow up the iron workers. Masons, carpenters, bricklayers, electricians and followers of other trades are all at work before the steel construction is finished. It is impossible to watch all of them to see that safety rules are obeyed. That is why the average iron worker prefers bridge construction, where only his own trade is concerned.

IRON workers themselves grow careless, owing to their long familiarity with danger. Their most spectacular demonstration of dare-deviltry is "riding the ball." The ball is the heavy, globular counterweight on the derrick tackle. Rather than climb down ladders or wait for elevators, men frequently grasped the rope, stepped on the ball, and were swung to the ground. So many were killed that "riding the ball" is now prohibited by law, but occasionally it is still done.

Accidents sometimes happen owing to the engineer receiving wrong signals. Almost invariably it is found that the bell-cord man is not responsible. On a big building in New York, just as a beam was being swung into place, the engineer received one bell, the signal to go ahead. The beam, which was just about to be connected, swung out of the connectors' hands. Luckily none of the connectors, perilously balanced on top of their columns, was thrown off, otherwise he would

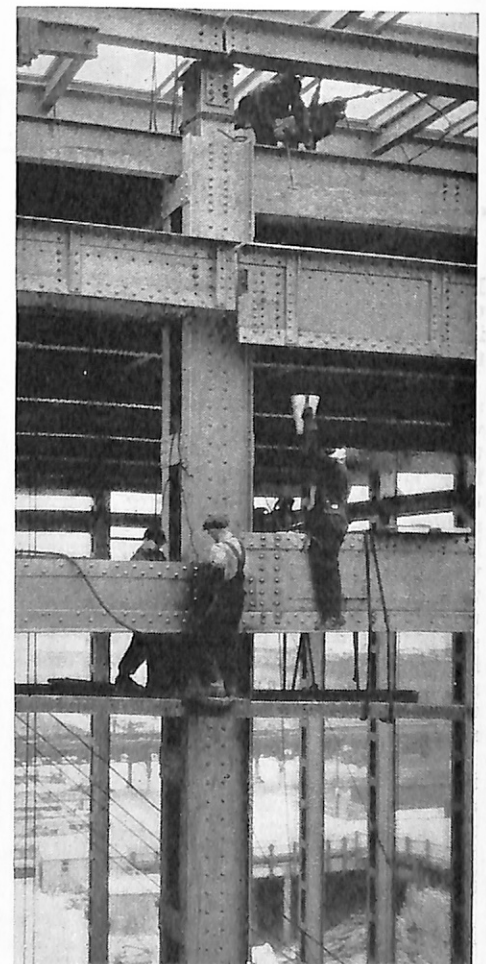
have been dashed to death in the street below.

Inquiry developed the fact that a carpenter, at work a few floors below, had dropped a piece of board and it had struck the bell cord, giving the signal to the engineer.

Such things tend to make an iron worker's career one long flirtation with death. Talk with any one of them who has been in the trade any considerable length of time and you will find that he has been "smashed up" or has had numerous close calls, generally owing to the carelessness of others.

"About as close a call as I ever had, or as a man could have, was when I gave an order to unload some plates on the Fourteenth Street power house," said Sam Lowman, the veteran foreman of steel construction on the RCA building in Rockefeller Center and many other big projects in and out of New York. "The flue was part way up, and someone had stored some plates in it, where there was to be a damper. I gave orders to take out the plates, as the flue was to be built on up. Then I went down below to attend to something else. The plates

were curved iron, and their edges were as sharp as knives. The workman who went at the job of removing them simply



All set to catch a red-hot rivet dropped from the story above. No margin for error here

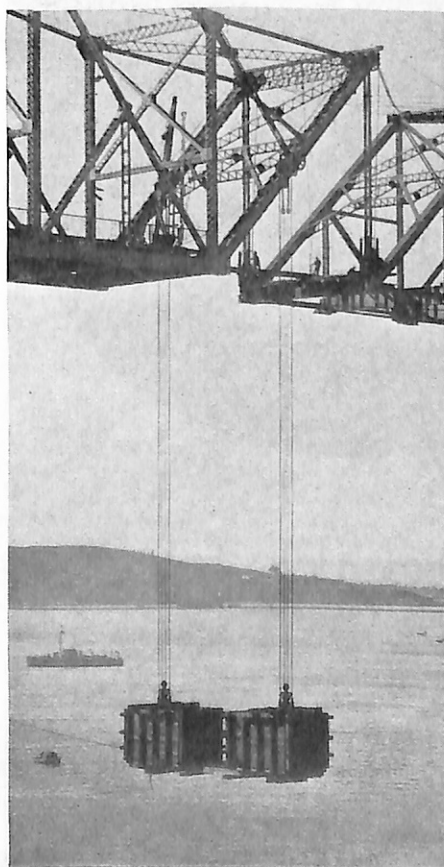
threw them out. One of them went over the drum of a boiler and slid off below. I happened to be walking just underneath. The sharp edge of the plate cut through my leather jacket and sweater, from top to bottom, just like a knife, but didn't even scratch me."

SAM LOWMAN'S life has been filled with just such adventure, only he doesn't call it that. To him it is just a part of an iron worker's life. His only outward evidence of injury is a finger shorn off—a trifling accident which occurred when, as a boy of sixteen, he joined the "bull gang" on a job of bridge construction on the James River, near his home in Virginia. Sam has put up bridges and buildings in many Eastern, Southern and Mid-Western states. He worked on Niagara Bridge, the Hell Gate and Williamsburg bridges, and has followed the tide of steel construction right up through New York from the financial district to the Bronx.

An iron worker had entered the foreman's "shanty" on the second floor of the RCA building framework, and had heard the mention of narrow escapes.

"How about that time we picked you out of the wreckage at the East Side power house, Sam?" he asked. "I never thought we'd get you out of there alive. Wasn't that a close enough call?"

"Well, it might be called that," said Sam. "I had forgotten that incident.



The suspended span, raised with the aid of counterweights, connected to the arms



Lunch time on the frame of the 70-story RCA building in Rockefeller Center, (Radio City)

You see, we were getting steel from a lighter in the river, for this power house at Fourteenth Street. The floor beams were up, and I was working there. Right below me, in the basement, were a lot of iron rods, sticking up through concrete. The derrick on the lighter was overloaded and started to fall. I saw that load of steel coming toward me. It was one of those times when you get a split second to think. I knew if I jumped down there, I'd be impaled on those rods. I just kept on looking up, and calculated where the load was going to fall, and dodged around a bit, though I didn't have much room on those beams. I managed to pick the right spot. Anyway, when they picked me out of that mass of wreckage I wasn't hurt."

This was a case of not following instinct. If Lowman had obeyed his first impulse, he would have jumped and could hardly have escaped death on those sharp rods below. An iron worker soon learns that impulsive action is not always the best. It was acting on instinct that caused the death of a workman on the Williamsburg Bridge when a sudden squall came up. The iron worker instinctively reached for his rubber coat. The wind which accompanied the dash of rain was just sufficiently strong to push him off his balance, and he fell to his death.

Another iron worker on a big building in the Bronx was sorting steel on a top floor. A beam rolled toward the edge of the flooring, one end going over the side. Instinctively the iron worker flung himself on the other end of the beam, to force it down. His weight was not sufficient. The beam continued to tilt, catapulting the iron worker to his death in the street below.

Another evidence of the untrustworthiness of instinct was when an iron worker, on the lower floor of a skyscraper framework, saw a fellow workman falling from a floor high above him. He judged the fall of the falling workman, as a baseball

player might judge the fall of a "fly" ball. Putting out his arms, he tried to catch his fellow workman. The heroic act, done under the pressure of instinct, was in vain. The falling workman was killed—his would-be rescuer went to the hospital with broken arms and internal injuries, from which he never fully recovered.

Sometimes, with the chances a thousand to one against him, Fate vouchsafes the iron worker the lucky break. Such was the case on the George Washington Bridge, over the Hudson River. One of the "bull gang" was sorting steel on the bridge. The derrick-load of steel had been unhooked and the engineer had been given the signal to go ahead. As the hook rose in the air it caught in one of the heavy buckskin gloves worn by the sorter. The man was swung clear of the bridge, 600 feet in the air. Luckily the glove did not give way, and he hung suspended by one wrist until he could be swung back to safety.

IT is up to the steel foreman to put through a job at the maximum of speed and with accidents reduced to a minimum. Wherever iron workers gather one will hear stories of "Andy" Morrison, steel foreman on the Empire State, the Chrysler building, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and many other great structures in New York.

Morrison, who died a short time after the Empire State building was completed, was born in Norway and went to sea when he was thirteen years old. He sailed on many famous old clipper ships and was second mate on the *Vigilant* when that yacht won the America Cup in 1893. Many sailors, who were contemporaries of "Andy," deserted the sea and became iron workers when the skyscraper type of building began to be popular. Such work,

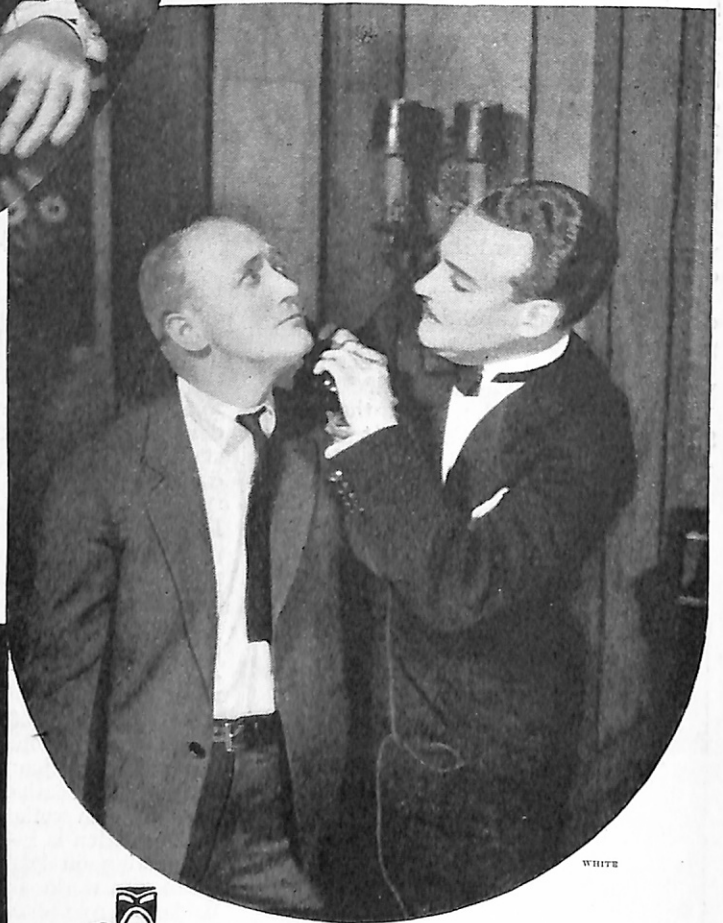
(Continued on page 45)

Behind the Footlights



Sigmund Romberg has written some outstandingly good tunes for the romantic operetta called "Melody," and Evelyn Herbert and Everett Marshall (left) are among those who do them justice. The story provided by Edward Childs Carpenter involves three generations so that several of the featured players, notably Jeanne Aubert, Walter Woolf, Victor Morley, George Houston and Vivian Fay, appear only in one or two of the three acts. Hal Skelly and Miss Aubert carry the burden of comedy with gusto; the piece is well acted and splendidly sung so that on the whole it is good entertainment.

It is not too difficult to pick flaws in Sidney Howard's drama "Alien Corn" but it is good theatre and the acting is of the very best. First and foremost, there is Katharine Cornell, pictured below with James Rennie. This glamorous actress plays Elsa Brandt, a rôle which happily keeps her in the audience's sight most of the time. Elsa is a musician, daughter of two famous artists, whose talent cries for expression and is frustrated by her necessity to teach in a mid-western college. The tangled threads of her environment pull her in conflicting directions, with Vienna, the goal of her desire, always dangling just out of reach.



George M. Cohan wrote and is the chief player in "Pigeons and People," which he bills as a "comic state of mind in continuous action." It lasts for approximately two hours without intermission and is an outstanding feat of acting for Mr. Cohan (pictured above with Walter Gilbert), who is present and vocal most of the time. He is identified as a man named Parker, whose lot in life has led him to find his greatest happiness in communing with pigeons in the park. After hearing Parker's story, Gilbert is determined to change his slant on life. Gilbert's hospitality receives a rude check when Parker reproaches him with having taken a stranger into his home. Suppose the story he told Gilbert in the park wasn't true? What that story was you never learn, but with this disquieting query Parker initiates a mad and antic series of suppositions that keep you amused and guessing to the end.

And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien

Richard Barthelmess (in the wheel-chair at the right, receiving the sympathy of Sally Eilers and Tom Brown) gives a heroic exposition of the irrepressible stuff born flyers are made of in his new picture "Central Airport." An expert pilot, he has a bad accident in which several passengers are killed and he is discharged as a jinx. Later he falls in love with Miss Eilers, a beautiful parachute jumper, and tours the country with her. But the jinx follows him in his love affairs and involves Sally and Dick and his brother Neil (Tom Brown) in a series of exciting adventures. Dick is a much-scarred but still inveterate flyer when we see the last of him in Havana



Warren William, protagonist of the picture titled "The Mind Reader," starts his career as a patent medicine man and petty faker, but soon learns that there is more money to be had in the mind-reading game. He learns how it is done and goes into the business as The Great Chandra. In that guise he is shown at the left peering into the crystal opposite Natalie Moorehead. He marries Sylvia, a pretty, unsophisticated girl (Constance Cummings), and proceeds to deceive her in a business way. It is only after his blackmailing activities have found him out and he is under the dark shadow of the law that he is given the opportunity to show himself to Sylvia and to the audience in his true heroic proportions

Katharine Hepburn, whose star shot into the ascendant in "A Bill of Divorcement," is something to cheer about. Her first starring vehicle is "Christopher Strong" with Colin Clive (seated next to her at the right) in the name rôle. Despite the fact that the sentimental story provided for her has a strong flavor of unreality, Miss Hepburn gives a sympathetic, finely restrained performance that makes the picture well worth seeing. She plays the part of Lady Cynthia, whose predatory instincts are healthily centered on aviation records. Through a series of coincidences she is thrown in contact with Sir Christopher, middle-aged, a model husband and father, and despite their struggles they fall deeply in love. Since nearly every one concerned is of a self-sacrificing disposition their problem receives quite a spectacular solution



Pike, The Scout-Spy

*The First of Three Articles
Dealing With Famous Spies*

By Edgar Sisson

Illustrated by Walter Beach Humphrey

BARELY inside the Confederate lines, James Pike, corporal of the Eighteenth Ohio regiment and Union spy, rode through the Tennessee country toward Shelbyville on a March night in 1862. From the look of him, had there been light to see, he was a Southern officer, whose uniform bore signs of hard campaigning, but which fitted the wearer and indicated, in fact, that he was something of a dandy. The dress of the rider and his accoutrement might well be correct. They belonged to Captain Bonham of the First Louisiana Cavalry, whose papers were also in the pocket of the coat. The captain, poor fellow, never would need them again. He had been wounded in a skirmish, captured and had died while a prisoner of war. The time to use his identity was before his death should become known.

The horseman, keeping his mount on a sharp trot for the most part, turned his head back frequently as if expecting pursuit. Once he got down from the saddle and lay full length with his ear on the ground. An hour back, just at dusk, he had encountered a Confederate lieutenant of cavalry and an escort. The story he had told to account for being alone, he had been thinking ever since, was not too good. Not expecting to meet an enemy scouting party so near his own lines, he was caught off guard and told the first lie that came into his head.

He had said jovially that on a bet with a fellow officer he had gone to eat a meal at a house that overlooked the Union camp, that a Yankee patrol must have seen their horses and had ridden to cut them off, that his companion had escaped but he himself had been captured. He had managed to get away, however, by catching the captain off guard and wresting the pistol out of his hands. For proof he showed the extra Yankee weapon in his belt. In his own words as he told the tale afterwards, "the Johnnies swallowed the whole yarn." His horse, fortunately, was

in a sweat and the story of the Yankee patrol wasn't exactly false. To throw off chance scouts an imitation chase had been sent after him for a mile after he left his own lines. The Confederate lieutenant remarked civilly that Captain Bonham would have a long ride before he met up with the Louisiana Cavalry, as it had left the district. The spy had replied that he had remained on detached service briefly to aid in the organization of a body of raiders.

"I understand," said the lieutenant, considerably impressed. "Morgan's, of course. You'll run into a company of Morgan's men along the road a bit. Take the right at the next turn. Watch for the camp fires."

The spy had taken the turn to the right, in spite of its added danger, for his assignment was to locate the Morgan forces, or a part of them. His concern for the time being, however, was less for what might lie ahead than for the peril in the rear. If the young lieutenant lost faith in the Bonham tale as he chewed upon it, he and his men would come spurring to overtake the suspect, who would be snared neatly.

A hill-side alight with fires gave him notice that he could not ride much further. Leading his horse into a thicket and tying and muzzling it, he slid silently into the underbrush. When he returned two hours later he had circled the camp, estimated the numbers of the force, placed the site of an important bridge, found signs of an alternate ford, and discovered that the road in front of the camp was patrolled and posted too strongly to give him and his horse a chance at passage. He must either ride into camp with the bold front of Captain Bonham or retrace his route. In view of the information he already had, the risk of the first course didn't seem necessary. Besides, he hadn't scouted the cross-road, the lieutenant's left turn. He headed back for the cross-road.

He had not gone half a mile before he heard the advance toward him of a large

body of horsemen. He was properly corralled. The country was rough, hills on both sides of the road. While he might possibly escape by taking to his heels, he would be hard pursued, would lose his horse, and be unable to complete his scouting trip. Neither did he relish the other recourse of trying to bluff the on-comers in the rôle of Captain Bonham. The Confederate lieutenant might be in the arriving troop, or, if he was taken to the camp, he ran the chance of finding there too many officers apt to have an acquaintance with the Louisiana outfit.

He made his decision. Tethering his horse in the bushes and again tying its mouth lest it neigh to its approaching fellows, he returned to the edge of the road and took a position on a ledge half behind a stunted tree. The place was one a sentinel guarding the road would be apt to choose. The troop trotted near.

"Halt, who comes there?" he challenged.

"Friends," came the drawling response from the officer at the head of the column, without lessening pace.

"Dismount one and advance with the countersign," the sentry commanded.

"HAVEN'T got the countersign, blast you," yelled the angry captain. "We're on our way to camp across the bridge."

"Orders, sir," replied the sentry respectfully. "What do you belong to?"

"Morgan's battalion," was the crusty response. Sentries, the captain remembered, had to do their duty.

"Then break from the right and pass in file until we can see what you look like," ordered the spy.

When a few files had passed, Pike sang out, "All right, captain, you can reform your men."

The column went briskly by. The information that it was a Morgan unit was valuable to the spy, and he also drew the correct implication that the concentration of troops was for a movement away from Shelbyville, likely portending a raid around the Federal flank. More importantly for





The young officer was embarrassed, and the girl, for she was doing the talking for the family, was standing up to him—an angry beauty

the feeling-out design on which he had come, the indication was that the town of Shelbyville was being temporarily stripped of forces. But he had to be more certain. On the road he had so adroitly cleared for himself, he proceeded to the big house of Widow Cheatham, noted throughout the region for her hospitality to followers of the Southern cause. As Captain Bonham he was made welcome, and induced to linger an extra day. By evening he had all the news he wanted, and starting apparently for the town, soon circled back and by hard riding reached the Federal lines before morning.

The result of his report was a brisk raid on Shelbyville and the capture of the bank, the only institution in Tennessee that could still redeem its notes in hard money. The blow to the finances of that area of the South was serious. Pike went along with the raiders but not as Captain Bonham. Discarding that rôle, along with other conventional methods, Pike launched the series of bold ingenuities that made him the Union's master spy.

Few men were better fitted for the dangerous rôle by training and temperament. Born in Ohio, and a printer by trade, the man was at heart a wanderer and adventurer, moving restlessly from place to place, until Texas gave him the excitement for which he longed. Plunging into

the wild life of the Lone Star State he fought Comanches, Kiowas and Kickapoos, learning to beat the crafty Indians at their own game, and was among the first to answer Sam Houston's call when that hard-hitting giant decided to form the famous Texas Rangers. The outbreak of the Civil War found him preparing to join other reckless spirits in an invasion of Mexico, but the pull of the Union was too strong for him, and he decided to get back

to Ohio and fight for the Stars and Stripes.

Through Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky he made his way, escaping arrest by a hundred daring expedients, and enlisted in the Fourth Ohio Cavalry on September 16, 1861. The long, lean frontiersman was assigned at once to scout duty, but it was not until the winter of 1862 that he won the attention of his superiors. While working in the enemy lines, he captured three bushwhackers and actually disarmed a dozen others, herding his prisoners back into the Union lines. By way of reward he was assigned as scout to the headquarters of General Mitchell of the Third Division of the Cumberland Army.

In the beginning he was as conventional as his associates, merely putting on citizen's clothes and faring forth. Even for that guise, he possessed more talent than the run of Northerners, for he had a horseman's grace, the look of the South and the

right inflection of voice. District passes were not required for men headed down the land, so once away from his troops he could move with little hindrance, provided his story was good. He held to the same one he had used when coming North, only this time he was a Texan going home to join up, but at Murfreesboro he had the bad luck to encounter one of his former comrades of the Rangers. Fortunately, he had not had occasion to name himself during this ride, so he could be Pike without harm. The friend had enlisted with Morgan, and he begged Pike to give up the Texas idea and take service with the raider—at any rate, he must come right along and meet Morgan, who was in town. No excuse seemed good enough. Pike went and was introduced to Morgan, who questioned him pleasantly. Perhaps it was better, the leader said agreeably, for a man to enlist in his own State. Should the traveler change his mind, there would be a saddle waiting for him in the troop. Pike described the chieftain as a fair, red-cheeked man a little above average height, and pleasant mannered. A red goatee was the only outward symbol of the man's ardent nature—his followers said the bristly streamer was a battle pennant.

PIKE thanked the colonel, saying he would stay in the vicinity until he made up his mind, having the real purpose of getting away as fast as he could. His Ranger acquaintance was a trouble. He shammed sudden sickness while they were riding along a country road, and took to bed in a farmhouse. His companion left him reluctantly and Pike, quickly recovered, went the other direction. The plan with which he had started was discarded—the report of Morgan's whereabouts to headquarters was the thing worth while. He got lost, met a Morgan horseman, told him he was a Confederate spy, and got the cavalryman to guide him a way toward the Yankee lines. After the two separated Pike raced his horse for the last two miles, with pickets from both sides shooting at him until the Blue outposts recognized his plight and let him through.

Morgan the raider was out-raided and captured in consequence of Pike's accurate information, yet the Southern leader could very well afford to laugh at the episode, as he went deservedly scot-free. When he was surrounded and arrested Morgan was escorting the Union Colonel Wood, who was returning from an agreed consultation inland regarding an exchange of prisoners. Therefore, Colonel Morgan, for the occasion, was as well protected as his guest. He was released with apologies, and a week later, raided a Union supply depot.

The next of Pike's experiences was as Captain Bonham, when he turned sentry. If he had been taken either as a false officer or as a home-treking Ranger, he would have been hung as a spy. He began to wonder if he could not contrive some device which would

enable him in the event of capture to claim the rights of a recognized combatant instead of always being exposed to the hazard of a shameful execution. He got a notion and determined to test it out in practise.

Leaving camp in the uniform of a Union cavalryman and evading the gray patrols, he rode nonchalantly into Fayetteville, where the townsmen were accustomed to see only Confederate soldiers. The citizens did not shoot him. They laughed at him, as he had hoped they would, but had hardly dared to expect. With a pompous air he raised his hand and called for the surrender of the town. The crowd roared.

"Look here, now," called out one of the group, "you might as well own up and tell us where the colonel is."

"What colonel?" asked Pike.

"Morgan, to be sure."

"Gentlemen," said Pike, "you have waked up the wrong passenger. I belong to the Ohio Cavalry."

The onlookers grew more hilarious, slapped their knees and shouted their approval of a spy make-up that certainly would trick the Yanks. Pike thought it was time to fall in with the conceit, grinned back at them, and allowed himself to be entertained for an hour or so. Then, crying frantically that duty called him and promising the town a Yankee caper to remember him by, he rode southward. He knew he had given a good performance.

A few miles out, on a hill overlooking the town, he met a wagon-train, the few guards riding at ease, their rifles laid aside on the goods in the first wagon. The cavalryman, who had observed the train from a distance, leaped his horse at the first van as it came around a turn and covered the guards with his pistols. They did not resist. Herding the teamsters, he inspected the wagons. They were loaded with supplies, fat bacon predominated.

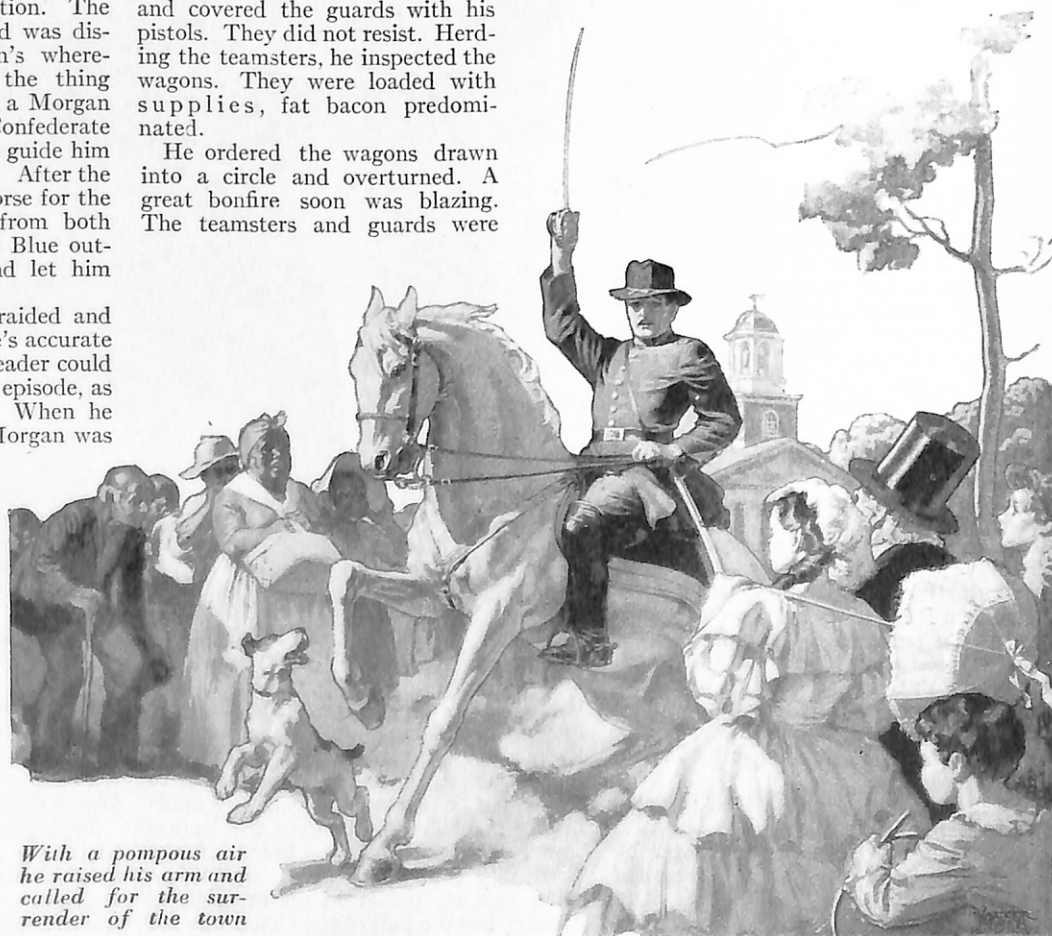
He ordered the wagons drawn into a circle and overturned. A great bonfire soon was blazing. The teamsters and guards were

left to lead their horses toward Fayetteville, to relate there a Yankee caper.

Pike traveled that night over back rails to a Union hideout in the hills, and there he left his horse. The next day he walked into a Confederate camp, parading himself as belonging to a Texas regiment he knew to be far away and claiming his blue uniform as a false front for spying. He was accepted for what he wasn't. His evident acquaintance with Texas men and places, and his tales of old scouting adventures with the Rangers against the Indians made his story credible. He talked with officers, and learned a deal of how the Southern campaign was expected to go. His disguise that was not a disguise worked fitly through a loafing week. He never was sure, indeed, that it came under any suspicion. But he got uneasy finally and made a bad move. He left the camp-fire one night and said he would lodge at a farmhouse beyond the outposts. His action may have been regarded only as an infraction of discipline. Anyway he got a bedside visit from a corporal's guard with orders to go back to camp. The corporal and his escort were careless. Their arms weren't ready enough for a Ranger. Pike beat the soldiers on the draw, shooed them from the door, and escaped into the woods with their guns in his arms.

HE was a long way from the place where he had stabled his horse, but he had used his legs before. He had not allowed, however, for the hound-trailing, and when the dogs gave tongue before he had gained a two mile lead, Pike ran for his life. He

(Continued on page 42)



With a pompous air he raised his arm and called for the surrender of the town

Cast and Broadcast

By Philip Coles



RAY LEE JACKSON

Tune Detective

Dr. Sigmund Spaeth is known to Tuesday evening's tuner-inners as the "Tune Detective." Really he is a vivisectionist. He sneaks up unawares on a melody for which you have formed a long-standing sentimental attachment; entertainingly disembowels it; performs an autopsy on it, and then to your amazement, proves it was a "steal" from "Sweet Adeline" or "Hinkey Dinkie"

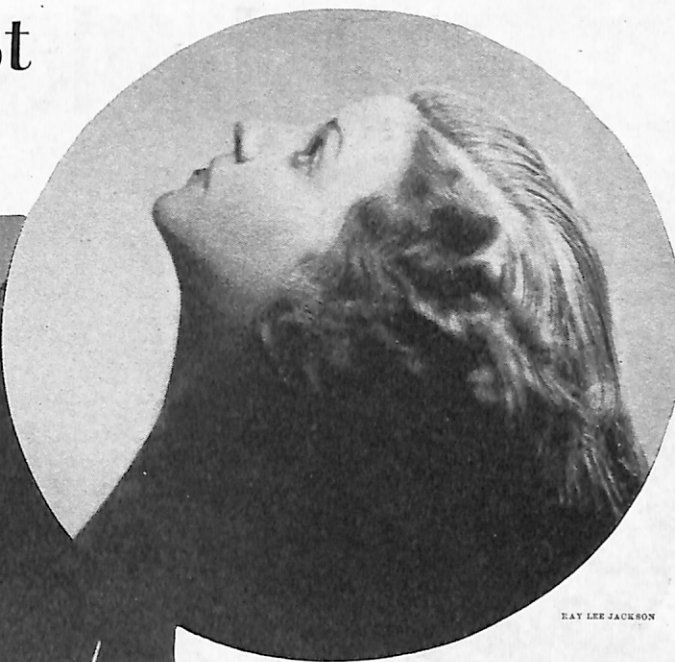


Jeannie Lang

Jeannie Lang is the cute little honey you hear singing gay songs to sweeten Tom Howard's humor. When she lets loose her silly (but nice!) little giggle—which she does often—she probably reminds you of that girl you used to know. And Jeannie has a trick of getting right into the mike that is very, VERY attractive



RAY LEE JACKSON



RAY LEE JACKSON

Mary Eastman

Mary Eastman is this department's (and Columbia Broadcasting's) latest and wildest enthusiasm. She sings on Sunday and Friday evenings over WABC. We are torn between the alternative of writing about how she sings or how she looks; we haven't space for much of either. However, she sings like an angel, and looks like the world's three most beautiful women rolled into one. And then reduced to natural size, of course



RAY LEE JACKSON

James Melton

James Melton, whom NBC is plugging with dogged earnestness, pours forth his tenor yearnings thrice weekly, in what NBC elegantly calls "Song Pictures." That's mild to what they can say; once in the dear, dead past they tagged poor Russ Columbo with "the Romeo of Song" and it stuck! Without the icing, what Melton really does is sing familiar songs in a glorious concert tenor which you have heard for years in the Revelers Quartet



Blacksmith's Son



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

A section of the army of Black Shirts hailing Mussolini at Bologna

An American Business Man's First-Hand Impressions of Mussolini

By Charles Spencer Hart

I HAVE just returned from Europe—from England, France, and Italy. Coming again into my own country, hearing the voice of my own people, seeing their familiar faces, feeling again the full pulse of my birthplace, I try to analyze my impressions of those lands beyond the sea.

My first feeling is one of gratitude that I am an American. Pride that I belong to this nation which is now passing through the pains, the doubts, the fevers and chills of a terrible illness; of an illness from which it will recover, a wiser and a better land. But always will it be America. The land of opportunity, of vision, and of buoyant hope that will not be downed.

Out of this spiritual darkness and economic gloom our people are beginning to see a vision of a new day. They are even now taking hold of this tumbled structure with courageous hearts prepared

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to go forward in a new-born faith that tomorrow will be more glorious than yesterday. Those qualities that were lacking in our so-called leaders have been quietly developing in the minds of the people as a whole, for certainly these last dark years have found no Moses in our land who had power to "Speak unto the children of man that they go forward."

I look back to England and to France, but it is on Italy that my mind lingers. For in Italy they have a Moses. There, from that soil which for centuries has borne genius, another great man has sprung. Benito Mussolini. Benito Mussolini, who belongs to the brotherhood of giants.

You may not like the man. You may deplore his methods. You may shout from the house-tops that he belongs to the dark ages of despotism. You may claim that he is a menace to the spirit of democracy. You may be right. Almost any-

thing you may say about Mussolini is probably true. But this is true beyond all questioning—Mussolini is a man.

I wonder how much you who read this know about him. Most people are vague in their knowledge of him, particularly of his earlier history. I am taking for granted that you are familiar with modern Italy, but to refresh your memory I shall briefly recapitulate.

Ten years ago last fall—October 28, 1922, to be exact—saw Italy a land of little hope. A land filled with unemployed, seething with disgruntled ex-soldiers, infested with poverty and poverty's offspring, beggary. The streets were crowded with Communists, with Bolsheviks advocating at every corner the destruction of the Government. It was those black days after the Great War when Italy, who had fought bravely, felt that she had received nothing from the hands of the Peace



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL



Il Duce, as he appeared in all the pomp and splendor of a modern Caesar to inspect his enthusiastic Fascist hosts on the eve of the ninth anniversary of the Blackshirt coup



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Conference at Versailles; when this entire emotional, hard-fighting, idealistic and yet practical people felt that it had won the war and lost the fruits of victory.

I was there. I saw this with my own



eyes. I lived for a time in the Italian Irredente, in Trieste, in 1919 when the Fiume question was at the boiling point. I saw Orlando, Italy's representative at the Peace Conference, hooted in the streets as a weakling. I saw leaders of the Conference hanged in effigy because the seaports of the northern Adriatic were given to the new republic of Yugoslavia. Italy reasoned that this coast-line belonged to her by reason of the preponderance of her nationals in that territory.

Whatever might be the rights of this question, Italy was insurgent, ugly, about to blow up—perhaps to blow itself to pieces. The weak and venal government at Rome was in a panic. It saw this dissatisfaction, this sense of outrage, concentrating in a virile, powerful and youthful group of citizens who were sick of the old order of things. It offered the leader of this threatening group a conciliatory place in the Cabinet. Without avail. It appealed to the King to declare Italy in a state of siege; to instruct the Army in Rome to fire on this group known as the

Black Shirts. This the King refused, wisely, to do.

The King saw that the jig was up. The zero hour had come. The Black Shirted Fascist Army, 250,000 strong, the flower of Italian manhood, was organized, was integrated, was sure of its purpose, and under the inspiration of Benito Mussolini, and commanded by General Fara, was advancing; along three diagonal lines, was converging on Rome. Rome was in a bad spot. There would be bloodshed, hell popping. The Government saw the light, and said, "All right, have it your own way."

IT turned out to be a bloodless revolution, but don't let that deceive you. Those Fascists meant business. By 3 P. M. on that 28th day of October, 1922, the Eternal City was filled with what looked like a million Black Shirts, as thick as black ants on her seven hills, and the King must have had a headache all by himself, which was probably nothing to the anguish going on in the bosoms of his advisers.

The King faced the music, as, indeed, he had no choice but to do. However, he did it gracefully. He sent a polite telegram to Mr. Mussolini at Milan. "His Majesty, the King, begs you to come at once to Rome. He wishes to offer you the task of forming a Ministry."

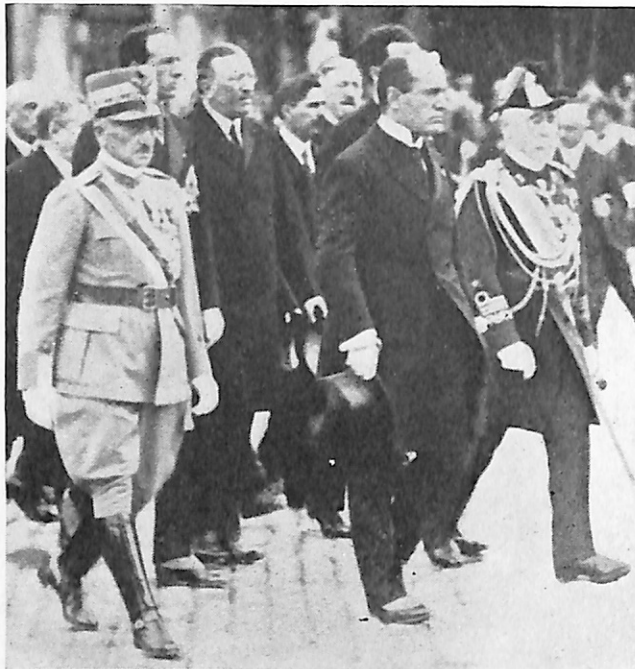
Premier Mussolini (center) surrounded by officials of the Vatican state and the Italian government at the time of his first visit to Pope Pius XI. It was the first audience a Pope has granted to the head of the Italian government since the break of 1870

So Mussolini went to Rome and staged a party. With General Diaz at one side, and Admiral de Revel on the other, he led that huge army of Black Shirts up hill and down dale over Rome, with the citizens throwing fits of enthusiasm and shouting themselves as black as Mr. Mussolini's shirt, and he ended up by climbing the hill of the Quirinal with his black army back of him like a five-mile tail and landed in the palace of the good King Victor.

He said, "Your Majesty, your humble servant," and went through some other gestures. Benito knows the value of great gestures—and then he turned to his staff and said, "Well, some people think this revolution is over, but I'm here to tell you boys it has just begun. Now, let's get to work." So saying, he fitted action to the word.

This winter I went over there to see how the "boys" were getting along. And I saw something. The last ten years have been a period of development of national unity and pride, of education, industry, commerce and agriculture, such as had to be seen to be believed. I venture to say no single nation has ever witnessed such a thing in modern times, perhaps never.

It shows in the whole aspect of the place. In the streets, for instance. Where they used to be filthy, now they are clean, regulated by a police system equal to our own. Busses have superseded street cars and there are no beggars. There is also, thank God, no tipping. The price of your room is tacked on your door as in our own



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Premier Mussolini with General Diaz, Admiral de Revel and other officials proceeding to the tomb of the "Unknown Hero," where allegiance to King Victor Emanuel was sworn by the then new government

hotels and 10 per cent is added to the bill, for service. A sensible, self-respecting system, if you ask me.

And Mussolini—that "Eyetalian who thinks he's Napoleon," as I heard a Pullman smoking-car wiseacre in his infinite wisdom call Benito Mussolini, has accomplished these things single-handed. Single-handed and alone he has led his people forward in economic and spiritual recovery while the rest of the nations wallow about

in that slough of despond known as "The depression."

Referring to that label "Napoleon"—in certain personal traits, in driving force, tireless energy, alertness, quickness of decision, Mussolini is Napoleonic, yes. But in the objective he has in view, most emphatically no.

Napoleon strove for a world empire though it cost millions of lives and made the homes of his people desolate. Mussolini dreams only of a contented and industrious Italy, sufficiently strong in morale, education and wealth to hold her own with the other great nations of the world. A great difference in ideals there—opposite poles.

It is interesting to go back into the antecedents of these two powerful men. Both were of humble birth. Each inherited his strength of character from his mother. Both were individualistic as boys, precocious, unruly, intolerant of discipline, and both were voracious readers.

I think it is the general impression in America that Mussolini sprang full-fledged into prominence after the war, with the birth of Fascism. This is not so. Let me give you in a few words a bit of the personal history of this man. He was born in the hamlet of Doria in 1883, son of the village blacksmith and inn-keeper. His mother, a woman of dignity and charm, taught in the village school. The elder Mussolini was a militant Socialist and Benito heard boisterous discussion of political questions from his cradle. The boy went to college, and at eighteen, taught in an elementary

(Continued on page 46)



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Il Duce, at the head of a procession making its way along the new Via Imperiale, which runs from the foot of Capitoline Hill to the old Coliseum. This is one of Mussolini's innumerable improvements in the Eternal City

The Show Goes On

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Douglas Duer



Part IV

IT WAS well after midnight when Bob Calvert sat down with the Sheriff in his office, to question Flatiron Keats. The inscrutable man had not attempted to leave the circus lot; he had paid little attention to the accusations which Calvert had hurled at him. He had only babied the elephant, petting her, and swabbing her wound. The bullet had torn the flesh, but it had not penetrated the skull. Now, with the bull firmly staked, Flatiron Keats was under arrest.

As for the circus itself, it was prostrate. All it possessed was the sympathy of North Platte City; a telegraphic query to the Sheriff at Columbus had disproved every word on the hand-bills which had fomented the hey-rube. It all had been a means to cover a robbery—a fake to aid banditry.

"You know, don't you," asked Calvert, "that some three thousand dollars in two canvas sacks was stolen out of the wagon you were supposed to protect to-night?"

The man surveyed the rider with his pale grey eyes. He asked:

"You know, don't you, that my bull got shot by some of you fellows. Try to handle one yourself sometime."

"But it happens," interjected Calvert, "that while the wagon was tipped over, the door was broken with a stake-sledge."

"Then that proves I wasn't there. I was tryin' to catch Bess."

Calvert paused. This, he felt sure, must be true. The Sheriff asked:

"You knew this robbery was coming off, didn't you?"

"I knew something was going to happen when that hey-rube broke loose."

The Sheriff re-asked his question, in a dozen variant forms. He received only denials and expert parrying.

"Where'd you get that suit you had on this afternoon?" Calvert enquired.

"Bought it. In Plum Creek in a second-hand store. I forget the name of it."

The man pulled a bag-like purse from a trousers pocket, and twisted the brass knobs. He extracted a dirty, folded square of paper. It was a receipt for the purchase of one second-hand suit. Amazed, Calvert could only say:

"Rather queer coincidence, wasn't it? Maybe you can explain why this particular suit happened to be worn by one of the men who tried to saw the bridge the first night I came on the show?"

"Is that my fault?" asked Keats. "I've got a receipt to prove where I got that suit."

They abandoned the line of questioning. The elephant keeper smiled inscrutably. The Sheriff queried:

"Do you know who committed this robbery to-night?"

"Everybody blames a nephew of Mother Meade's."

"What's his name?"

"Jason Purcell."

"Is there such a person?" snapped Calvert.

"There was, the last time I saw him."

"When was that?"

"Last fall. In Atlanta."

"What was he doing?"

"Drinking and gambling mostly."

"Was he gone when Leonard Purcell got there?"

IF he wasn't, he didn't wait long.

"Have you taken any orders lately from Leonard Purcell?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"I told you 'no,' didn't I?" the man snapped.

Suddenly Calvert shifted.

"I came on you one day when you were furious. You were petting Old Bess and telling her that you wouldn't let anything happen to her. Why?"

"I've got a right to protect my elephant. I'd wanted to graze her. Some idiot farmer pointed out a spot. I went there and it was full of alkali. It might have killed the bull."

They went back over the whole line of questioning. It accomplished no deviation. From far away, came the whistle of the Westbound train. It clattered to the nearby station and departed. Suddenly Calvert asked:

"Going back to that hay, you said that you had been sent to an alkali patch. Why didn't you mention it, instead of saying nothing?"

SINCE when are you boss of this show?" Keats snapped. "Listen," he said, with a show of emotion for the first time. "I'm responsible for that elephant. I've got a right to protect her any way I please. I'm going to do it, too."

"You must think you're coming back on the show?" asked Calvert.

Flatiron Keats rose. The lack of expression was gone from his face.

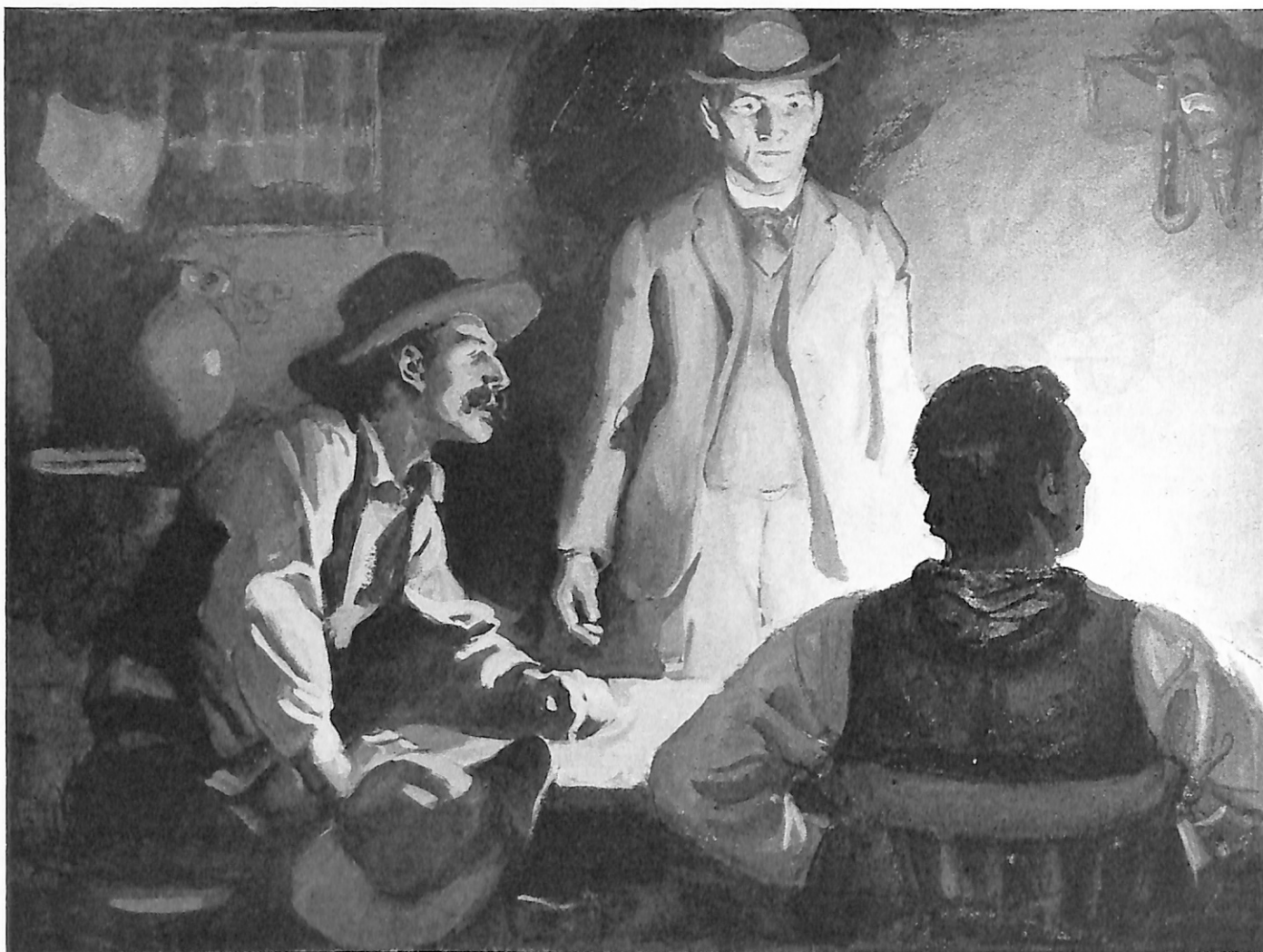
"I've got a right to," he exclaimed. "You ain't proved nothing against me. If I love that bull, if I've tried to do what was right, you've got to take me back."

Calvert thought quickly.

"It might be possible," he agreed. Then he turned. The door had opened. A deputy stood there.

"Got a fellow out here," he announced. "Caught him getting out of town—trying to steal a ride on The Express."

The Sheriff nodded him in. The deputy jerked at what had only revealed itself as the elbow of a man. A tall person, well dressed, except for the smuttiness of his clothing and dirty hands due to his efforts to ride the engine tender, was yanked into the room. Calvert looked quickly at Flatiron Keats. There was no movement of the features, again inscrutable. The tall man gave no evidence of recognition, but



at once, in a whining voice, began to protest against his arrest. The equestrian smiled cynically.

"Well, Joe," he said, "you got dressed up after you left Fremont."

The lanky individual turned quickly.

"You never saw me before."

"Oh, yes, I did," Calvert answered caustically. "You know where." Quickly he explained to the Sheriff. Then he said: "What's your full name, Joe?"

"Joe Miller," said the man surlily. "Look here, what's wrong about a man getting on a train?"

"Got on the wrong end, Mister," said the deputy, and methodically began to search his prisoner. It yielded little. His money was in currency. He had no papers. His clothing bore no mark of a tailor—store labels were infrequent in the '70's. All this while Calvert kept his eyes on the two men, watching for a surreptitious glance between them. There was none.

"You've seen this man before, Keats," he said at last.

The bull-tender shook his head.

"You didn't see him at Fremont? When the mob rode up there?"

"I was behind the canvas. With Queen Bess."

Calvert leaned back in his chair. He had hoped for a slip of memory; the hope had been vain.

"Strip him!" the Sheriff commanded. "Take off his shoes while you're at it."

Miller, as he styled himself, protested, but the shoes came off.

"Something in the toe of each one," the deputy announced. At last he laid two small tissue rolls on the Sheriff's desk. Joe Miller grasped wildly for them, only to be thrown back.

"Those are mine!" he exclaimed. "A fellow's got a right to hide things that might be stolen."

The Sheriff had unrolled the tissues.

"THE place for diamond rings is on the fingers," he said casually. "That is, if the jewelry's yours. But those two rings happen to belong to Chris Curtis, the saloon-keeper. You got them out of a tin box hidden under some clothes in his bureau."

Joe Miller streamed denials. The deputy led Keats away. Ludicrous in nakedness, topped by a silk hat, Joe Miller waved his lanky arms and whined his innocence.

"Put on your clothes and stop that whimpering," the officer commanded. "We've got a lot of questions to ask you." Then he turned to Calvert. "Suppose you start on him."

At dawn three tired men still faced each other. Two were the questioners, the third the accused. Hours of interrogation had gained nothing, as far as the circus was concerned. Joe Miller had denied everything.

But he had not managed to explain why he had decided to beat his way out of town when he was well supplied with money. And he had not been able to tell just why he was carrying in the toes of his shoes some diamonds which belonged to a

North Platte saloon-keeper. At last the Sheriff ordered him to a cell. Then he said to Calvert:

"What's your opinion?"

"Just this; he is one of the two men I saw in Fremont. He's an underling, that's certain. He distributed those warnings, or helped to; he robbed at least one of the houses. You'll probably find the main amount of stolen goods under a sidewalk somewhere. Those burglaries were to incite trouble, not for profit. But he couldn't resist the temptation of those diamond rings."

"I guess we're even on that. Court's in session now. He'll have to think up a story pretty fast—I'll have him before a jury in a day or so. As for your elephant man—I think we're licked there. I've got a notion the fellow's innocent."

"Or a good actor."

"If either's the case," the Sheriff answered, as he bit the end from a cheroot, "the place for him is right back with your circus where you can watch him. Suppose we give him another going over."

Hours later Calvert went to the circus lot. The sight before him was pitiful. Wagons were over turned, the fallen big top was only a cup-like mass over the seats beneath, with vast rents where Queen Bess had crashed into it the night before. Planks were thrown about, scattered from the seats. The marquees sagged, supported by awry ridge-poles.

The equestrian glanced toward the treasury wagon; Mother Meade sat slumped



on the steps. Connie stood near by, her eyes denoted sleeplessness. She came forward at the sight of Calvert.

"She hasn't spoken for hours." There was heartbreak in the girl's voice. "I guess this is the end, Bob."

He caught her by the shoulders.

"Don't say that, Connie! We're not licked yet."

She looked down at her knitting hands.

"A show has to have money to be able to run."

Calvert turned at the rustle of grass. A lean man, in black cap and soiled sleeve-protectors, had crossed the circus lot. He had a thin envelope in his hand.

"Anybody here named Constance Meade?" he asked.

The girl took the telegram. It was from Denver:

"Heartbroken. Coming on first train. Nothing to do but to close show."

"Leonard."

"I thought he'd say that," Connie's voice was muffled. Calvert looked at her quickly.

"Why?"

"Well, what else is there to do?"

Bob Calvert rubbed hot hands over his hotter face. Then he straddled, as if bracing himself. His fists doubled, and went to his hips.

"Connie," he asked, "if I asked you to keep fighting, would you do it?"

She raised her head. She looked at him, brown eyes shining into blue. The slight tremble about her lips gave way to firmness.

The tall man gave no evidence of recognition, but at once, in a whining voice, began to protest against his arrest

"Show me the way, Bob."

He laughed, a guard against his own misgivings. He put his hand beneath her smooth chin and tipped her head even higher.

"I'll do my best, Connie," he answered seriously.

CHAPTER XIII

EARLY the next morning the East-bound Mixed Freight pulled into North Platte, miraculously on schedule. A passenger alighted from the sole passenger coach, and stared with some surprise toward the circus lot.

There had been a great change since the previous morning. In the shade of a clump of cottonwoods sat a group of the townswomen, chattering gossip, while their needles sparkled in the filtered rays of the sun. They were sewing canvas, making whole again the rents created by the stampede of Queen Bess. Workmen hammered at wagons; a temporary blacksmith shop had been set up, that bent iron might be straightened, or tires reset. Sledges clanged.

The treasury wagon already had been repaired. In the doorway stood Mother Meade, now staring blankly, now gaping at the sight before her. Calvert passed. The old woman called.

"Was Leonard on that train?"

"We'll know soon, Mother." Then he added: "You'll have to stand by me, for disobeying his orders."

"Humph!" the old woman exclaimed and with a sudden change in mood turned back into her wagon. Calvert walked on; swung along, rather. It was good to see humanity at its finest. Then he halted. Flatiron Keats was approaching.

"The Sheriff said for me to see you." He removed his hat, and stood expressionless. Calvert came closer.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "You can have your job back. But I'm damned if I know what to think about you. If you've really come back because you love this elephant and want to see her protected, that's fine; I'll do everything I can to help you. And if you have been mixed in with the wrong kind of people and are willing to talk about it, I'll try my best to keep you in the clear."

THE bull-tender cocked his head. He looked across the lot. A smartly dressed man was picking his way across a remainder of wreckage and displaying an intense interest in the activity about him. Flatiron Keats rubbed his chin.

"Thanks," he said cryptically. "If I ever find anything to talk about, I'll look you up."

Then he walked to his property box, and picking out a bullhook half trotted to

(Continued on page 34)



EDITORIAL

THE CONVENTION, THE FAIR AND THE MEMORIAL

■ When the Grand Lodge accepted the invitation of Milwaukee Lodge to hold its annual convention in that city next July, it was moved to do so primarily by the hospitable warmth of the invitation; by the realization that Milwaukee is a most attractive city, offering ample accommodations and a tempting excellence and variety of entertainment; by the geographical location affording convenient access from all parts of the country; and by a desire to meet the generously expressed wishes of a splendidly loyal and enthusiastic membership in that section. A secondary, but still an important, consideration was the fact that the great Fair to be held in Chicago would be in full progress at the same time.

This happy circumstance should constitute a substantial contribution to the success of the Convention. It will afford to thousands of Elks who will be in attendance at the Fair an opportunity, at small expense and with a minimum of inconvenience, also to enjoy a visit to the Grand Lodge. And the Representatives to that body may readily arrange to include in their itinerary a visit to the great Exposition.

It is now time for thought to be turned upon the approaching events. And it is suggested that plans should be made, so far as practicable, to take advantage of the unusual opportunity thus presented, to combine attendance upon the convention and a visit to the Fair, upon the one trip from home.

And it is further suggested that each member of the Order who does plan to visit a Century of Progress, should include in his schedule an inspection of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters. He will find nothing within the Exposition enclosures more appealingly beautiful nor more fraternally and patriotically inspiring.

WHAT HAVE WE IN STORE?

■ How frequently all of us wonder and dream, and perhaps worry, about what the future has in store for us. What success lies ahead? What place shall we achieve? What wealth will we acquire? What happiness awaits? It is, perhaps, a harmless form of speculation, if we do not spend too much time at it. Fathered by proper ambition, it even has a definite value. But it would be more profitable if we more often gave thoughtful consideration to what we have in store for the future. Indeed the two have a very definite relationship.

What we are pleased to call "luck" does seem to play an important part in many lives. But the very fact that it is luck, or chance, removes it from any sound calculation. The demonstrated general rule, so universal as to admit of few exceptions, is that our future is

what we make it; and what it has in store for us depends largely upon what we have in store for it.

If we have availed ourselves of our opportunities and have accumulated a fund of useful information; if we have acquired a degree of wisdom; if we have cultivated our minds, schooled our passions, and trained our dispositions; if we have strengthened our characters to stability; if we have fostered our ambitions by a willingness to be diligent; then we have something in store for the future which insures that it carries something worthwhile in store for us.

But if we have disregarded our privileges, wasted our opportunities and permitted our talents to lie dormant and unused; if we have neglected our minds; if we have



unbridled our passions in indulgence, and allowed selfishness to sour our dispositions; if we have drifted in indolence, without a thoughtful objective; then truly a contemplation of the future may well bring deep concern. We have little upon which our confidence may safely feed.

So it is well, when we would indulge our dreams of the future, that we also appraise the true measure of our equipment, our ability and preparedness to face it, and to wrest from it our heart's desires. It will be a happy introspection if it brings confidence and courage.

It will, perhaps be equally valuable, even if less comforting, if it stirs a determination to increase the store of self-development and preparation, which alone can insure a calm contemplation of what lies before us.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS

■ "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt have it after many days." This text from the ancient book of Ecclesiastes has been effectively paraphrased in the more familiar saying, that such bread "shall return unto thee after many days."

A most gratifying evidence of the truth of the old adage was presented in an item which appeared in the February issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It was the account of a contribution to the charity fund of Patchogue Lodge No. 1323, made by an aged widow, in remembrance of a helpful donation made to her by that Lodge seventeen years ago. Every Elk who read that item must have experienced a keen fraternal pride.

But the most pleasing thought which the incident prompts is that, during all those seventeen years, this good woman was carrying in her heart a grateful regard for the Order and a deep appreciation of its purpose to be practically helpful to those in distress. Many times she must have spoken kindly of the Elks, mayhap in circumstances which made her expressions contribu-

tions of a value far in excess of her recent gift of cash. All unknown the bread had returned many times over.

The good deeds of the Order and of its members are performed without thought of specific compensation. The unselfishness of their charitable services is one of the distinctive features of Elk beneficence. But it is pleasing to note such a convincing proof of the continuing influence of those good deeds. It is a gratifying reminder that an act of generous charity, of kindly helpfulness, does not exhaust itself in its initial performance, but lives on in the heart, bespeaking the fact in many ways.

INTELLIGENT COMMUNITY SERVICE

■ Each subordinate Lodge of Elks is the local unit which interprets the Order and its high purposes to its own community. The Fraternity as a whole is quite naturally estimated by the personnel and the activities of the local group. It is for this reason, very specially, that it is desirable that each Lodge should endeavor, as such, to impress itself upon the citizenry of its jurisdiction, by such distinctive community service as may be within its reasonable capabilities.

Of course the charitable work of each Lodge, in the ordinary course of dealing with specific appeals presented, is a solid foundation upon which to build a local prestige. But that particular character of service is generally distinctive only in the manner of its performance. Other agencies, in their own ways, are sharing the responsibility of dealing with this ever-pressing problem.



In nearly every instance the local Lodge of Elks, by virtue of its membership, its capacity for concerted effort, and its physical instrumentalities, is admirably equipped to effectively accomplish many community services of distinctive character and real importance.

But there are natural and proper limitations. For this reason the objective adopted should not be a mere impulsive selection. It should be something worthy of the Lodge and at the same time something found, after thoughtful consideration, to have a proper relation to the comparative needs of the community and to the ability of the Lodge to successfully promote it. This can be wisely determined only after an intelligent survey of local conditions.

It is suggested that in each Lodge a committee might well be appointed to conduct such a survey. Conferences with municipal officials, with directors of social agencies, with civic leaders, and personal study of conditions, will usually develop a number of local needs, of appealing character, but which have been neglected. The reasons for such neglect may be good; or they may be unconvincing. But the disclosure of the needs is the first essential step.

There should follow a careful study of the relative importance of these needs and of the Lodge's peculiar ability to deal with them respectively.

A thoughtfully prepared report, presented to the Lodge, embodying specific recommendations based upon such a survey, is sure to appeal to the membership and to receive their considerate attention. Approval will then be followed by the essential cooperation.

An objective thus intelligently adopted and carried to successful conclusion not only accomplishes an end worthy in itself, but it at once impresses upon the community the value of the Lodge as a community asset. It establishes the Order in the public regard. And it will assure accretion to the membership from the most desirable elements.

It is happily true that the great majority of Lodges have already achieved that place in local esteem. But it must be remembered that such place can be maintained only by continued activities which justify it.

PRIVILEGES—REAL VALUE IN USE

In a recent issue of The Elks Call, the bulletin of Indianapolis Lodge No. 13, there appeared a brief article, the substance of which deserves the consideration of the Order's entire membership. Its effective illustrations are here adopted to impress the thought.

When you purchase a daily paper, it isn't the physical paper and ink you buy, but the news. It is of real value to you only when you read its contents. When you buy a pair of glasses, they are only of potential value while in your pocket. It is only by using them to improve your vision that you get the true worth of your purchase. When you spend your money for a ticket to a theatrical performance it yields no return until you have exercised the privilege it confers to enter the theatre and see the play.

So when you pay your initiation fee and are duly inducted into the Order of Elks, you have merely acquired the status of membership. It is only when you avail yourself of the privileges of that membership that you receive its full benefits. In general terms, neither your Lodge nor the Order can deliver to you the fraternalism your membership represents. You must seek it for yourself.

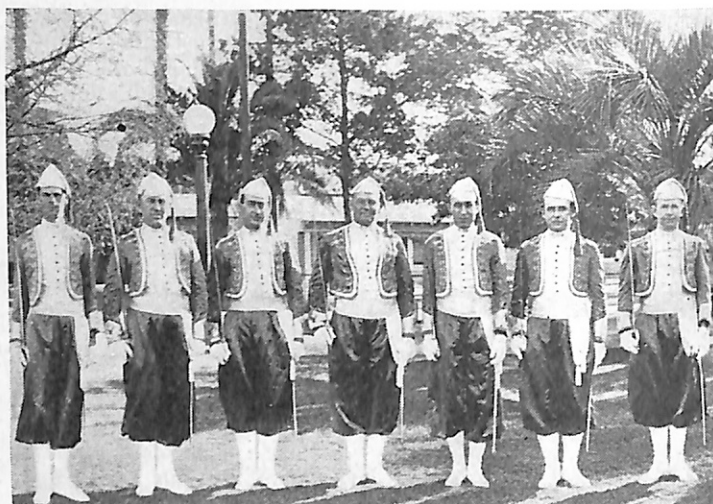
It is true that, in some circumstances, the Order acts positively and affirmatively in bestowing certain benefits upon its members. But if the satisfaction of benevolent service is desired, you must play your own part in its performance. If the pleasures and advantages of Lodge sessions are to be yours, you must attend the meetings.

Membership in the Order confers many privileges. But they must be exercised or their full value will be lost. An Elk should understand this and realize that what he derives from it depends very largely upon himself. He must read his paper; he must wear his glasses; he must attend the play. All the privileges of exalted fraternalism are his; but he must use them if they are to become most worthwhile.



Under The Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



The drill team of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge.

New York, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates 65th Anniversary of the Order

GRAND Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson was the guest of honor at the anniversary banquet marking the sixty-fifth birthday of the Order held by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, at the Hotel Commodore. According to custom, a reception was held for the Grand Exalted Ruler and his associate officers, before the assemblage moved into the great ballroom which has, for many years, been the scene of these affairs.

The Rev. Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, Honorary President of the New York State Elks Association, asked the blessing, following which the orchestra, accompanied vocally by the entire gathering, played the Star Spangled Banner. John J. Sullivan, Vice-Chairman of the Anniversary Committee, acted as toastmaster and introduced as the first speaker Exalted Ruler John G. Dyer. Mr. Dyer greeted the guest of honor and the others of the distinguished gathering, and in his turn introduced Judge Thompson. The Grand Exalted Ruler's earnestness and his forceful speech claimed the immediate attention of his hearers, and he was frequently interrupted by applause while, at the conclusion of his talk, he was accorded an ovation lasting several minutes. At this point Mr. Sullivan, on behalf of the Mother Lodge, presented Judge Thompson with a concrete token of affection and esteem.

David Sholtz, Governor of the State of Florida and Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, was the next speaker. He was followed by Ferdinand Pecora, Esteemed Loyal Knight of No. 1. Both were vigorously applauded as they concluded their addresses. The toastmaster then introduced President James H. Mackin of the New York State Elks Association, who brought the greetings of the Empire State Lodges. Following Mr. Mackin's speech Mr. Sullivan next presented President Francis P. Boland of the New Jersey State Elks Association, who delivered the beautiful eleven o'clock toast which brought the program to its close.

Among the distinguished guests present, in addition to those already mentioned, were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Raymond Benjamin, James R. Nicholson, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, W. W. Mountain, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert, Lawrence H. Rupp and John R. Coen; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Tiler Henry Schocke, Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner, Grand Trustees John K. Burch and James T. Hallinan, Justices of the Grand Forum Arthur S. Thompkins and John S. McClelland; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; William T. Phillips, Secretary of No. 1 and Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association

tion Committee; Robert S. Barrett and Charles S. Hart, of the Lodge Activities Committee; and Walter F. Meier, Chairman last year of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee. In addition to these were many Past and Active District Deputies and State Association officers of New York and adjacent states, and a large number of other distinguished Elks.

Lakeview, Ore., Lodge Initiates Class At Past Exalted Rulers' Night

Although bad weather prevented some members who lived far out in the country from attending, there was a large and representative turnout for the observance of Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536. A class of candidates was initiated and interesting entertainment was offered by students of the high school and grade schools. At the close of the evening an attractive supper was served.

Bemidji, Minn., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler

A dinner and concert by the Bemidji Elks Band were given in honor of A. L. Dretchko, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Minnesota, North, on the occasion of his official visit to Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, No. 1052. Mr. Dretchko gave an interesting review of the charitable work of the Order since its inception, and expressed himself as pleased with the excellent financial condition of the Lodge and its satisfactory membership showing. One of the features of the Sports Carnival in progress at the time of Mr. Dretchko's visit was the hockey contest in which the Lodge team has so far been victorious over some of the best teams in that section of the country.

Summit, N. J., Lodge Free Of All Indebtedness

Past Exalted Rulers' Night was the occasion of great and justly proud rejoicing in Summit, N. J., Lodge, No. 1246, for, on that evening, all bonds and notes held against the Lodge were destroyed, leaving it free and clear of all indebtedness. Julius C. Meyer, a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1246, who now lives in retirement on his Connecticut farm, made a special trip to Summit to be the guest of honor and had the privilege of personally destroying the records of the Lodge's past indebtedness. The members feel a well-merited elation at having attained this splendid financial status in the face of the depressing conditions of the past years.

Whiting, Ind., Lodge Plans World's Fair Hospitality

Since all Elks traveling by car to the World's Fair in Chicago this summer by highway routes 12 and 20 must pass the door of Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273, the commissary department

is busy making plans to feed all Elk wayfarers who wish to stop and sample the hospitality of Whiting Lodge. Spacious rest rooms will be available, and special arrangements are being made for the accommodation of the wives and families of these Elk travelers.

Delaware, O., Lodge Celebrates Its Birthday and That of the Order

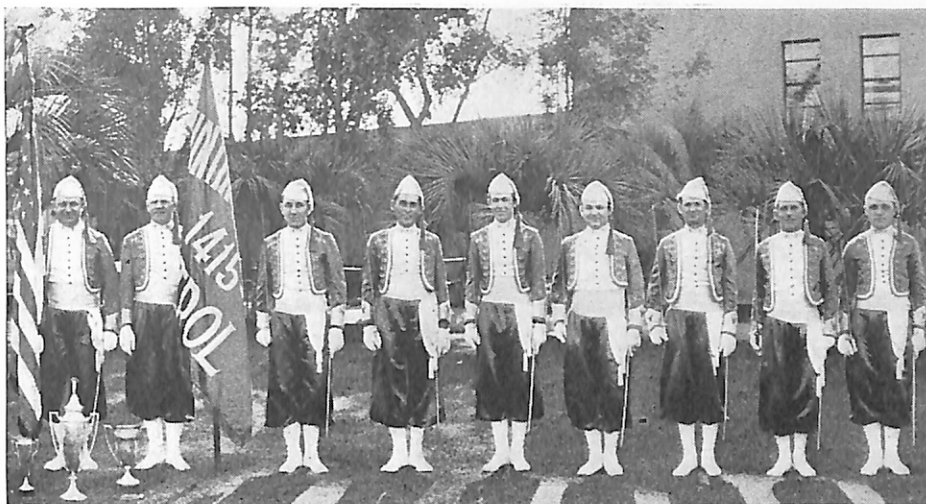
Delaware, O., Lodge, No. 76, has the distinction of having been instituted on February twenty-second, and is known as the Washington's Birthday Lodge. The recent celebration of the Lodge's forty-fifth anniversary and the sixty-fifth of the Order began with a fine turkey dinner, at which Walter H. Bodurtha, the senior Past Exalted Ruler, presided as master of ceremonies. The Honorable Berne Jones, the only surviving charter member of the Lodge and an honorary life member, and Judge E. M. Wickham, Past Exalted Ruler, were the principal speakers. During the course of the banquet the guests were entertained with a delightful concert by the Delaware Elks Chorus. Following dinner, a show, especially prepared for the occasion, was put on in the Lodge room and the evening wound up with an old-fashioned social session.

Albany, Ga., Lodge Initiates a Class On Past Exalted Rulers' Night

The program signaling the observance of the birthday anniversary of the Order and Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Albany, Ga., Lodge, No. 713, began with a barbeque dinner at the Home at which a delegation of twenty Elks from Americus, Ga., Lodge, No. 752, were guests. At the meeting which followed, the various stations were occupied by former Exalted Rulers of No. 713 and a number of interesting speeches were heard from members of the home Lodge and their visitors from Americus. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler I. G. Ehrlich reviewed the history and accomplishments of the Order. The Degree Team of Albany Lodge conducted the initiation of three new members with an impressive exemplification of the ritual.

New Smyrna, Fla., Antlers Lodge Is Instituted

Organization and institution of a Lodge of Antlers with thirty-six boys as members, was completed at a recent meeting of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557. Following the initiation, officers were elected by the boys for the new Lodge of the junior order and these officers were installed by W. M. Miller, Exalted Ruler of New Smyrna Lodge. The Antler officers then took their places and the new Lodge listened to interesting addresses from Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. L. L. Anderson; Father P. J. Downey, Chaplain



State Champions, who plan to compete in the nationals at Milwaukee

of the Florida State Elks Association; Asa Lockwood, Chairman of the Antlers' Advisory Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Caspian Hale; and several other prominent members. At the close of the session the newly instituted Antlers were invited downstairs for refreshments. The New Smyrna Lodge of Antlers is the first one to be organized in the State of Florida and is being watched with interest by other Elks Lodges in the State, as many of them are actively considering the formation of such junior Lodges.

Pennsylvania Southwest District Association Holds Record Meeting

Many visitors from the adjoining Central and Northwest Districts swelled the number of Elks and their ladies to six hundred or more at the recent meeting of the delegates of the Southwest District Association of Pennsylvania at the Home of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883. In addition to the two active District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers—James M. Kelly and Francis T. Benson—there were present ten Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, four Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association and more than fifty Past Exalted Rulers. F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary and a Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, came from Chicago to attend the meeting and to bring the felicitations of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, who is one of the Past Presidents of the Southwest District Association. E. J. Plunkett, chairman of the Altoona State Convention Committee, was present with a delegation from his Lodge. Addresses were delivered by Brigadier-General Edward Martin, State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, and other distinguished members too numerous to mention here. While the business meeting of the Association was in progress, the visiting ladies were entertained at cards by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Braddock Lodge. At the close of the session all were entertained at a fine dinner where music was provided by an eleven piece orchestra and a most enjoyable performance was given by a group of clever young entertainers from the Children's Dancing Class sponsored by Braddock Lodge, aided by some imported professional talent. The meeting was the largest and most successful ever held by the Southwest District Association.

A Warning to All Secretaries

The following communication, signed by Secretary Thomas Robinson, of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, has been received by THE ELKS MAGAZINE:

"Jack S. Lusk is traveling from State to State, using his membership card as a means to borrow money from various Exalted Rulers

and Secretaries, and we have been trying to catch up with him for several months. Please take up his card immediately, should he apply for help of any kind."

Impostor Masqueraded as Son of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price

Alliance, O., Lodge, No. 467, was victimized recently by a young man representing himself as Jack Price, son of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. This impostor claimed to be out of funds and requested a cash advance to enable him to reach home. This request was granted, but the imposition was quickly discovered and the young man apprehended by the authorities. It is thought probable that he used the same story at a number of other Ohio Lodges and this news is published in justice to young Mr. Price, whose name was thus falsely used, and to the members of his family.

Splendid Meeting of Huron, S. D., Lodge Attended by 500 Elks

Some five hundred members of the Order turned out for the largest and most colorful meeting ever held by Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444, a meeting never surpassed in the State for enthusiasm and accomplishment, and one in

which honors were shared with the hosts by Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1046, which sent 110 of its members to the festivities by special train.

The occasion was a multiple celebration of the sixty-fifth anniversary of the Order, the thirty-fifth anniversary of Huron Lodge, the twelfth anniversary of the dedication of its Home, and of Past Exalted Rulers' Night, while the chief event of the evening was the initiation into Huron Lodge of the entire Drum and Bugle Corps of William Reaves Post No. 7 of the American Legion. The class of thirty candidates was attired in the brilliant uniform of the corps, and the impressive ceremony was rendered even more striking than usual.

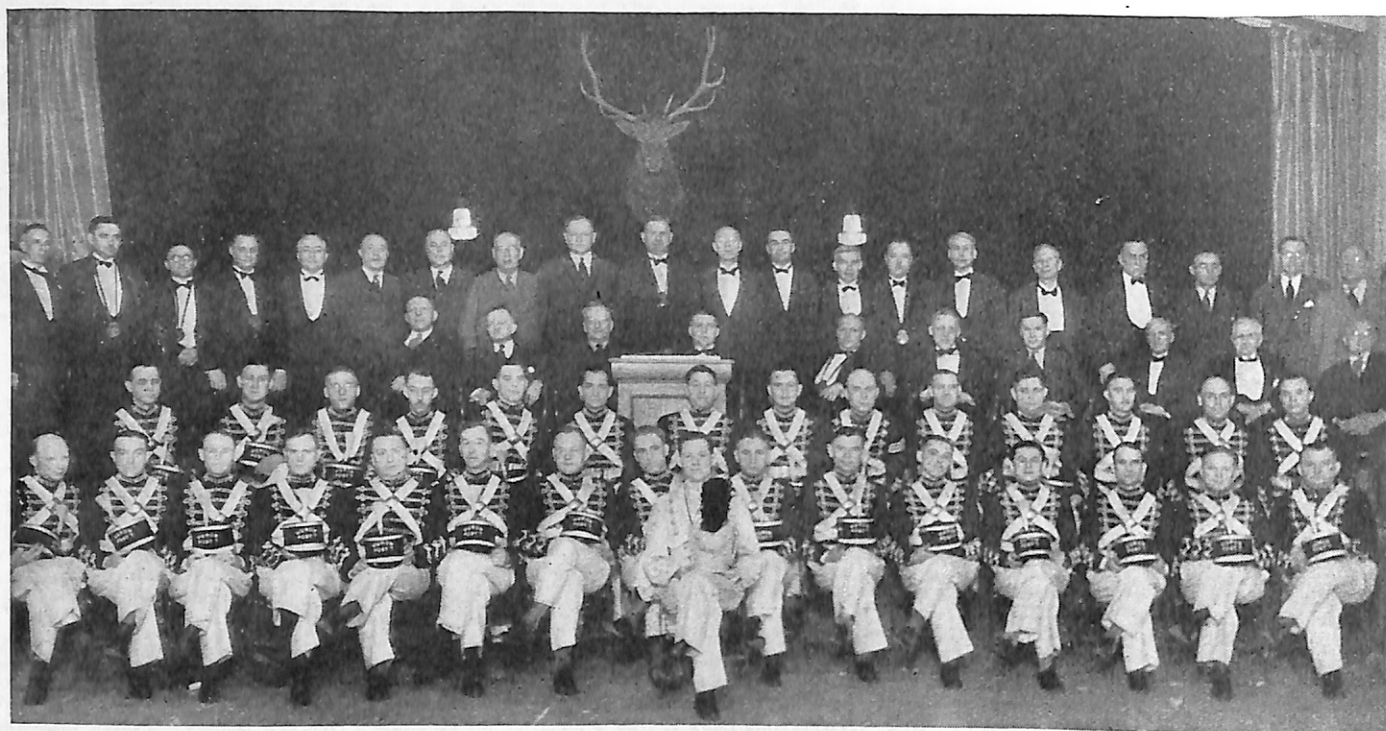
The arrival of the Aberdeen Elks was the occasion of a parade from the railroad station to the Home, in which the visitors, headed by their Purple Guard, were accompanied by the band and an escort from Huron Lodge. As preliminaries to the ceremony of initiation the Aberdeen Purple Guard gave a splendid exhibition drill and the Huron band a brief concert. The chairs were occupied by Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge headed on this occasion by those who were members of the Legion. At the conclusion of the initiation there were talks by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland; Judge Dwight E. Campbell, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Past Exalted Ruler A. A. Chamberlain; Robert B. Meldrum, President of the South Dakota State Elks Association; Carl H. Nelles, Secretary of the Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George C. Hunt; Past District Deputy J. Ford Zietlow, and others. An entertainment and supper closed the fine program.

Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge Gives Ovation to District Deputy

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert J. Walsh paid his homecoming visit to Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, he found on hand to greet him the largest number of Elks ever to assemble in the Home. As a preliminary to the formal meeting a dinner in honor of Mr. Walsh was held in the grill-room of Schenectady Lodge. More than 200 members from No. 480 and other Lodges of the district, New York Northeast, were present. Among the many well-known Elks who spoke were President James H. Mackin, of the New York State Elks Association, who spoke in high praise of the District Deputy's work, and also delivered the eleven o'clock toast; and State Association Vice-President William J. Malaney.



The magnificent Lodge room in the new Home of West Orange, N. J., Lodge



Drum and Bugle Corps of William Reaves Post No. 7, American Legion, recently initiated into Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444

Other interesting guests of the occasion were former Judge Daniel Naylon, Jr., the first Exalted Ruler of Schenectady Lodge, and its first member to be named District Deputy, who was presented with an honorary life membership for 34 years of distinguished service to the Lodge and to the Order; and George E. Wallen, the only remaining charter member of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, founded with his aid 47 years ago. Past Exalted Ruler William H. Herron presented the honorary life membership to Judge Naylon. Thirteen Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers in all were present and were among those to congratulate Exalted Ruler Raymond T. Madden and his officers on their conduct of the initiation of a special class of candidates.

Earlier in the day there had been held a meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of the Northeast District, at which 60 active and Past Exalted Rulers represented all the Lodges of the section. Dr. Leo W. Roohan, President of the Association, presided.

Lodges of Illinois Northeast Hold Bridge Tournament

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, was host, a short time ago, to bridge players from the other sixteen Lodges of Illinois Northeast. This was the first holding of an inter-club tournament in the district, and in spite of exceedingly bad weather the attendance was so good and the event so successful that it was voted unanimously to hold another before the end of the season. Two cups were played for, one at auction bridge, the other at contract. The first was won by Waukegan Lodge, No. 702, with Elmhurst Lodge, No. 1531, and Woodstock Lodge, No. 1043, second and third respectively. In the contract group Elgin Lodge, No. 737, was first, with Chicago Lodge, No. 4, and Waukegan Lodge finishing in that order. Bede Armstrong, a member of Waukegan Lodge, was chairman of the efficient committee in charge.

Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge Initiates Splendid Class

Designated as the "Floyd E. Thompson Class," 21 candidates were initiated in the Home of Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge, No. 408, by the officers of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, a short time ago. Twenty of the can-

didates were inducted into Las Vegas Lodge and the other into Raton, N. M., Lodge, No. 865. The ceremony of initiation was admirably performed by the Albuquerque officers, assisted by their Lodge orchestra. The Albuquerque delegation, which traveled more than 140 miles to take part in the event, numbered more than twenty, and almost as many came from Raton Lodge, 115 miles away, while Santa Fe Lodge, No. 460, seventy-five miles distant, sent fifteen members. These, together with sixty-five members of the host Lodge and a few guests from other Lodges, made up an enthusiastic gathering.

Las Vegas Lodge reported at the time of writing that it had a nucleus of four candidates for its Officers Class and hopes for a total of fifty before the end of the Lodge year.

Charity Dance of Brenham, Tex., Lodge a Great Success

More than three hundred recently attended the first charity dance ever sponsored by Brenham, Tex., Lodge, No. 970. As a result of a general invitation to the public to attend, visitors from a number of neighboring towns and a group of college students home for the week end helped to swell the crowd. The entire proceeds of this affair, above expenses, were donated by the Lodge to the Brenham Benevolent Society. Inasmuch as the demands on this Society in relieving the destitute of the country have been heavily increased of late, this generous action on the part of the Elks Lodge was deeply appreciated.

Milford, Mass., Lodge Shows a Busy Program of Fraternal Activities

Milford, Mass., Lodge, No. 628, has been very active in the short span of the new year which has already elapsed. The first event on its program was the joint celebration of Old-timers' Night and Grand Exalted Rulers' Night which drew a very large attendance and proved a most enjoyable occasion. A delicious supper preceded the meeting at which forty charter members were present to exchange pleasant reminiscences and listen to a review of the laudable history of the Lodge given by Secretary C. F. Cahill. The evening further included the initiation of a class of candidates. A few weeks later the Lodge held a well patronized guest night. After supper the gath-

ering listened to addresses from Bernard E. Carbin, Treasurer of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, and one or two others, and were further entertained by a talking picture. In addition to these activities many of the members are taking a lively interest in the pool, whist, billiard and bridge tournaments now in progress at the Home and are eagerly looking forward to the early completion of the new indoor baseball court.

Bowling Team of Livingston, Mont., Lodge Has Long Lead

The bowling team of Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246, is one of eight competing teams in Montana's Class "A" League with a schedule calling for sixty-three games in the season. With approximately three quarters of their game quota rolled, the Livingston Lodge Team had a long lead of thirty-one games won and fourteen lost with a pin average of 942 pins per game. Moreover, they had established a Montana record for teams in league play, having bowled better than three thousand pins in each of six of their winning games.

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Initiates Members at Birthday Party

The evening devoted to the observance of Past Exalted Rulers' Night and the birthday of the Order by Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, was also the occasion for unveiling a portrait of the late George E. Bowers, a former Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, who was known as the father of Elkdom in Middletown. Excellent anniversary and memorial addresses were delivered and a class of three candidates was initiated into the Lodge.

Luncheon Club Instituted by Brazil, Ind., Lodge

With a view to stimulating more widespread use of its Home and attracting desirable new members, Brazil, Ind., Lodge, No. 762, has inaugurated a Monday luncheon club. Open discussion of both local and national problems as well as some form of entertainment will be features of these weekly gatherings which will be held to a moderate time limit so as to make them available to busy executives and professional men. Sixty-five members attended the first luncheon and were enthusiastic about

the entertainment which included a piano program and community singing. In the near future the meetings will be open to guests and efforts will be made to arouse their interest in becoming members of the Order. It is anticipated that the stimulating effect of the luncheons will be directly reflected in fuller attendance at the regular meetings.

Aurora, Ill., Lodge Holds Baseball Night Meeting

Many young men of high school age who are keen about the national pastime as well as a number of well-known players were guests at the recent celebration of "Baseball Night" by Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, which boasted an attendance of over four hundred. A testimonial dinner preceded the large and enjoyable meeting in the Lodge room.

Two Great Elks Lost to The Nation and the Order

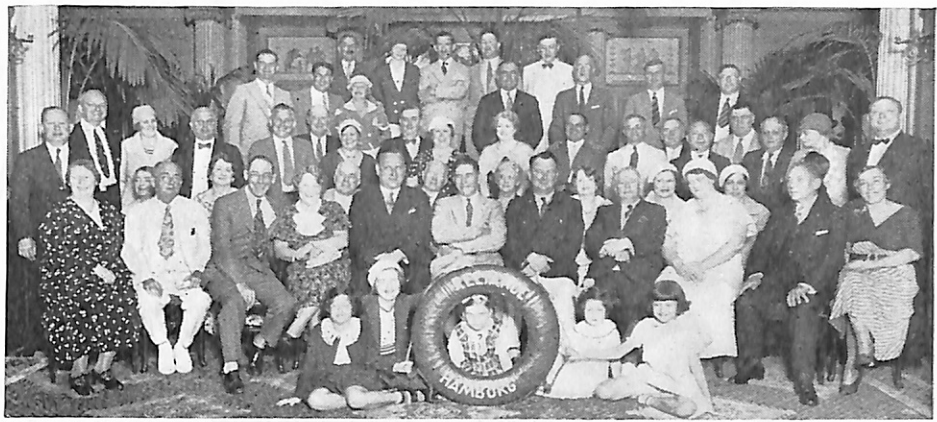
Within a few days the Order and the nation suffered grievous losses by the deaths of two outstanding members and public servants. Anton J. Cermak, Mayor of Chicago and a member of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, succumbed to the effects of a bullet wound inflicted by a would-be assassin of the then President-elect, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Senator Thomas J. Walsh, appointee to the Attorney-Generalship in the new Cabinet, and a member of Helena, Mont., Lodge, No. 193, died of a heart attack just two days before the inaugural ceremonies. To their fellow-members, to their friends and families and to their political associates THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity of extending its sincere and heart-felt sympathy.

Dowagiac, Mich., Elks Help Needy School Children

Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, has taken over the job of supplying one hot meal a day to needy school children within its jurisdiction. At a recent meeting a donation of twenty-five dollars was voted for this purpose, and the Lodge expects to renew this allotment each month. In addition a series of entertainments is being planned, the proceeds of which will go to the same worthy cause. The administration of this work is being carried out in conjunction with the Mothers' Club, which organization superintends the serving of the meals.

Charitable Work of Westwood, N. J., Lodge Wins New Members

Many prominent citizens of Westwood, N. J., have been so favorably impressed by the charitable work of the Lodge there, especially as demonstrated at Christmas time, that they have signified a desire to become members of No. 1562. The initiation of six new members and the proposal of several more has given new impetus to interest in all the Lodge's activities.



The Elk party on the recent Caribbean cruise of the S. S. Reliance

Three Trophies Presented to Alameda, Calif., Lodge on Baseball Night

The presence of more than one hundred baseball celebrities from all parts of the country made the recent 6th Annual Baseball Night of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, an unusually gala occasion. A committee headed by Manuel Duarte had made adequate plans for the successful entertainment of the ball players, members and their friends. As a gratifying climax to the event, three trophies won by Alameda Elks were accepted by Manager Duarte for the Lodge Baseball Team on presentation by Fred Krumb, member of the Lodge and Director of Baseball for the California State Association.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Holds Double Celebration

Past Exalted Ruler C. W. Holbrook of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, recently presided over the Lodges' joint celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night and Old Timers' Night. There was a fine attendance with fifteen Past Exalted Rulers of Santa Monica and five Past Exalted Rulers by affiliation present in addition to many old timers. The meeting was followed by a barbecue supper and a splendid show especially produced for the occasion.

Members of the Order in Executive And Legislative Offices

Elks will be gratified to know that President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Postmaster-General James A. Farley, fifty-eight United States Senators and two hundred and thirty-three Representatives are members of the Order. President Roosevelt has long been a member of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, while Mr. Farley is a Past Exalted Ruler of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, and in 1918 served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New York, Southeast. He was elected President of the New York State Elks Association in 1924. Secretary of the Navy

Claude A. Swanson was once a member of Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227, but at present holds an absolute dimit.

400 New Jersey Elks Greet District Deputy Harkins

In tribute to his twenty-five years of many services to the Order, some 400 New Jersey Elks were gathered to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James V. Harkins on his homecoming visit to New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324. The occasion was a gala one. Francis P. Boland, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, led the distinguished gathering into the Lodge room. In addition to the other New Jersey District Deputies, A. J. Kaiser, Richard F. Flood, Jr., and Charles R. Tomlin, there were present to honor Mr. Harkins many past and active officers of the State Association and of New Jersey Lodges, including John H. Cose, Past President; Past District Deputies Rene P. F. Von Minden and John W. Cantillion; Edward L. Grimes, Vice-President of the State Association, and Dr. William A. Dittmar, Sergeant-at-Arms. The meeting was conducted by Exalted Ruler James A. Harkins, a cousin of the guest of honor, while his family was represented on the floor by his father and three brothers, his uncle, William F. Harkins, first Secretary of the Lodge, and two other cousins. For distinguished service to the Lodge and to the Order District Deputy Harkins was presented with an honorary life membership, and by Secretary Edward Burt, on behalf of the Past Exalted Rulers, with a handsome traveling bag. A class of sixteen candidates was initiated in honor of Mr. Harkins, and the splendidly successful evening brought to a close with supper and an impromptu entertainment.

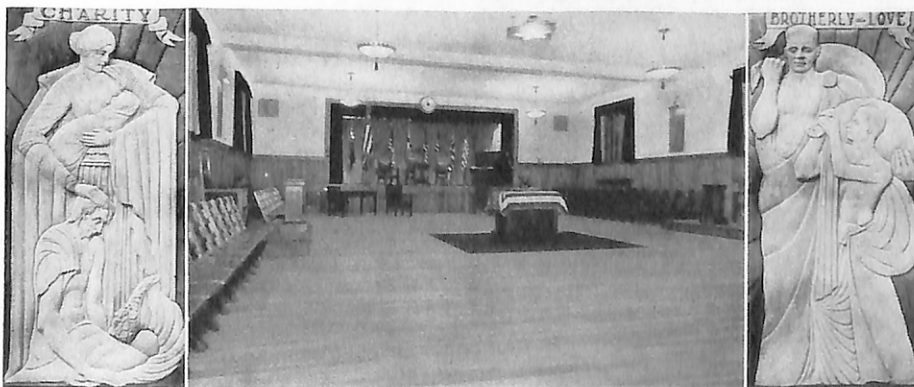
Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Celebrates Past Exalted Rulers' Night

Under the chairmanship of Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward J. McCormick, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, decided on an original manner of celebrating Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Mr. McCormick let it be known that there would be no speeches and that the evening would be given over to a costume affair and burlesque. The event proved a high success, with the Home packed on the appointed evening with the largest aggregation of members it has enjoyed in several years.

Watsonville, Calif., Lodge Holds Triple Celebration

Over three hundred members of Watsonville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1300, and guest members from the Monterey Bay section were present at the celebration of No. 1300's twentieth anniversary, its Past Exalted Rulers' Night and the sixty-fifth anniversary of the Order. The evening opened with a dinner in the club

(Continued on page 48)



The new Lodge room of Ossining, N. Y., Lodge, and two of the plaques adorning its walls, designed and presented by Frederick V. Guinzberg



Above: Rufus Dawes, President of the Century of Progress, World's Fair, Chicago, 1933, presenting invitations to drivers of 1932 Elks Good-will Fleet to deliver to members of the Grand Lodge at the 1932 National Convention at Birmingham, inviting the Elks to come to Chicago in 1933



The Elks Magazine Good Will Ambassador at Milwaukee, Wisconsin—1932

Below: President Paul Hoffman of the Studebaker Corporation with C. W. Miltenberger, Exalted Ruler of South Bend, Indiana Lodge, No. 235 and pilots of the 1932 Good-will fleet in front of South Bend Lodge Home

Lodges Prepare to Welcome Good-will Fleet

Many requests for visits received from subordinate lodges following announcement of Elks 1933 Good-will Tour

THE six cars of the Elks Purple and White Fleet are being groomed for their transcontinental journey to the Elks National Convention which this year is to be held at Milwaukee the week of July 16th. As usual the Fleet will be painted with the official purple and white of the Order, and will be piloted by members who are both experienced and qualified for the important duty of delivering the invitation which the Grand Lodge extends to all members to attend the forthcoming Convention.

This year marks the first time that the Good Will Tour is planned to include visits to certain Lodges in the State of Florida, and this will be done on route No. 2 which begins at Miami and proceeds along the Florida West Coast to Tallahassee; a break in this route calls for detours to the East Coast to West Palm Beach and later to St. Augustine and Jacksonville.

Route No. 1 which begins at Boston will, this year, be extended East as far as Portland, Maine where it loops back through central New England and proceeds to cover the Middle Atlantic States.

Route No. 3 traverses the West Coast, covering California, Oregon, and Washington with a subsequent extensive coverage of far and Middle Western areas.

Another innovation for the 1933 Tour is the inclusion of another make of car in addition to the usual three Studebakers, this being a trio of Rocknes, one to each route traveling in company with the Studebaker of that route.

All six cars will be equipped with Firestone Tires and will use Quaker State Motor oils and lubricants as well as Ethyl Gasoline.



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

He calls on Lodges in Mid-West, New England and Atlantic States

IN a series of visits which began in the latter part of January, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson called on Lodges in the mid-west, New England and the Atlantic States. On January 22 he attended the mid-winter meeting of the Illinois State Elks Association at Bloomington, at which time arrangements were made to hold the annual convention at Streator, Ill., on June 8, 9 and 10. Also present at this meeting were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers D. C. Burnett, Thomas J. Welch and James Finnern, and all of the officers of the State Association, headed by Dr. J. F. Mohan, President.

On February 1 Judge Thompson was the honor guest of La Salle, Ill., Lodge, No. 584, at its annual duck dinner, on which occasion he addressed the more than 200 Elks present. Later in the same evening he called on Ottawa, Ill., Lodge, No. 588, where he spoke to the 100-odd members attending a regular meeting. Other visitors on this occasion included Grand Secretary Masters, Grand Esquire Warner, District Deputies Burnett and Finnern, President Mohan and Secretary Nelson H. Millard of the Illinois State Elks Association, Louie Forman, a past member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee and Past District Deputy William M. Frasor. On February 2 the Grand Exalted Ruler visited East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, where he addressed more than 500 Elks, members of the host Lodge and of Whiting, Hammond, Gary, Valparaiso, Michigan City, La Porte, Goshen, Shelbyville, Elkhart, Warsaw, Decatur, South Bend and Logansport, Ind., Lodges, and Harvey, Chicago Heights, Blue Island and Kankakee, Ill., Lodges. Distinguished guests on this occasion included Grand Secretary Masters, Dr. F. J. McMichael, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Victor V. Swartz; William C. Groehl, Secretary, and the Reverend W. E. Hoffenbacher, Chaplain, of the Indiana State Elks Association; and Past District Deputies Frank E. Coughlin, Harry Kramer, James Albie, John Sawyer, John Van Delester, Abe Ottenheimer, Edward J. Greenwald, Clyde Hunter and John A. Thiel.

At West Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 1500, on February 17, the Grand Exalted Ruler conducted the dedication of his hosts' new Home, in the presence of some 1,200 New Jersey Elks and their visitors. A motor escort, headed by Past Exalted Ruler George V. McDonough and A. R. McCoy, Chairman of the Reception Committee, accompanied Judge

Thompson from New York City to West Orange, where the first event was a banquet in honor of the head of the Order at which the band of Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245, supplied music. Following the dinner the guests proceeded to the new Home for the ceremony of dedication. Many distinguished and widely known members of the Order were present, including Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner; Walter F. Meier, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Francis P. Boland, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and Vice-Presidents Kenneth R. MacKenzie, Thomas Osborne and Edward L. Grimes; Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. J. Kaiser, James V. Harkins, and Richard F. Flood, Jr.; Past Presidents of the New Jersey State Elks Association John H. Cose, William Conklin, William H. Kelly, Fletcher L. Fritts, Edgar T. Reed and George L. Hirtzel Jr.; Joseph Brand, Past President of the New York State Elks Association; and Past District Deputies Frank Strasburger, John W. Cantillion, J. J. Vreeland, Charles Wibiralski and Grover E. Asmus. A photograph of the Lodge room of the new Home appears elsewhere in this issue.

The following evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at the 65th anniversary banquet of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, which event is reported in detail in "Under the Spreading Antlers." From New York Judge Thompson travelled to New England. Arriving at Providence the Grand Exalted Ruler was met by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Duncan MacKenzie, Past District Deputy John E. Hurley, Exalted Ruler James F. Doherty, Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank H. Murphy and Past

Exalted Ruler Edward H. Powell, of Providence, Lodge, No. 14, and Exalted Ruler Francis X. Flannery and Past District Deputy Daniel J. McGowan, of Newport Lodge, No. 104. The whole party then motored to Newport, where elaborate and extensive plans for the entertainment of the Grand Exalted Ruler were perfectly carried out. These began with a reception at the city hall, where Mayor Mortimer A. Sullivan extended the welcome of the municipality to the distinguished guest and his entourage, which included, besides those already mentioned, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner. At the Home of Newport Lodge the lawn was festooned with colored lights and the interior of the building beautifully decorated with flowers, evergreens and more colored lights. A banquet attended by some 500 Elks was held in the Home and among the notable guests present were Governor Theodore Francis Green, Mayor Sullivan, Attorney General John P. Hartigan, State Finance Commissioner Frederick S. Peck, E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Dr. Horace P. Beck, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and John H. Greene, Jr., who acted as toastmaster. At the close of the Grand Exalted Ruler's address he was presented with a model of the Old Stone Mill by Dr. Beck and with two beautiful silver vases by Exalted Ruler Francis X. Flannery. After a sight seeing tour of historic Newport the following morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, on their way to Boston, stopped for luncheon at the beautiful home of Finance Commissioner Peck, where they were guests at a luncheon, at which Mr. Peck announced that the eloquence and force



The luncheon at the Home of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, during the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler



of Judge Thompson's address the evening before had moved him to act at once on a contemplated plan to endow an Elks bed in the Homeopathic Hospital in Providence. As a tribute of appreciation from the assembled guests Grand Treasurer James F. Duffy then presented Mr. Peck with an Elks emblem, mounted in platinum and suitably inscribed.

In Boston Judge Thompson was the guest of honor at the annual banquet given to the Grand Exalted Ruler by the Massachusetts

(Continued on page 38)

More than 300 Elks attended the banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler in the Home of Baltimore, Md., Lodge No. 7



ELKDOM OUTDOORS

Our Policy—To Encourage the Replenishment of America's Fields and Forests, Lakes and Streams

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors

King Kodiak

By J. H. Hamilton

WORD has just come to "Elkdom Outdoors" from Charles Madsen, member of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, that the Kodiak Guides Association are busy preparing for the coming big-bear season that opens on April 15th and closes on June 20th. Everything is in readiness to care for the hunter who wants the thrill of bagging the biggest bear found anywhere in the world.

The Kodiak Guides Association are known to big-game hunters and collectors everywhere.

One of their most recent orders is for three Kodiak cubs about two years old, for the Chicago Zoological Park to be filled before the International Exposition opens on June 1st. The Kodiak Guides Association do not confine their hunting expeditions to Kodiak bear alone as they also go after Grizzly, Polar, Brown, Black and Glacier Bear, Kenai Moose, Mountain Sheep, Goat, Caribou, Deer, Walrus, and Seal. In fact, the Association covers the finest big-game paradise found on the North American continent. Some of their most thrilling work is found when guiding wild-animal photographers. But let's hear what two members of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, namely, Lou A. Cornelius and Charles A. Powers, say about a Kodiak trip.

"All aboard!" Our train speeding out of Grand Rapids bound for Portland, Oregon, point of embarkation, our interest in local scenery was only mild until we reached the majestic Rockies. From there on our faces were glued to the windows every

daylight minute. The Rockies alone are worth a cross-country trip.

"Our big interest, of course, lay ahead. Arriving in Seattle the journey soon started up through the beautiful 'Inside Passage' of southeastern Alaska, on one of the commodious liners of the Pacific S. S. Company. A wonderland of scenic splendor for a thousand miles—snow-capped mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, great towering spruce forests, quaint Indian villages with their interesting totem poles, and a thousand other things kept us busy looking around and ahead. Always something new and interesting.

"Reaching Kodiak, 'Alaska's Sunshine Isle,' we were met by the field manager of the Kodiak Guides, and in a few hours were busy unpacking our duffel bags in camp. CAMP! Oh boy, what a camp! There is the large waterproof cook tent with a shiny, white, oilcloth over a generously set table, gravel on the floor to keep it nice and dry, gasoline lamps, home-made, comfortable benches for seats, a fine big camp cook-stove, and LOTS OF FOOD of the finest quality money can buy in Alaska. A tent for us, and a tent for the two guides, packer and cook and a 'fleshing tent' all nestled down in a small grove of cottonwoods with a small, rushing waterfall directly in back of the camp. Talk about your COMFORT: heating stoves, gasoline lamps, folding cots and every other convenience that life in the wilds could afford were there. COME AND GET

IT! before I throw it out, added Bill, the cook, and off we went for our first meal in camp. Was it good? Oh boy, never tasted anything better except the meals that followed that one for the next three weeks.

"After a good night's rest we started out on our hunt. Each in opposite directions with our own guide, and it wasn't long before bears were seen on nearly every hillside. To say that the following three weeks were THRILLING would be putting it mildly, and to say that Charley Madsen made good his promise about getting the bag limit of bear and enjoyment would also be putting it mildly. He made good 150 per cent. in all his promises and then some. There, in the land of the big bear, you get a chance to start the red blood tingling through your veins through hiking, canoeing, and long trips in powerful motor skiffs and, last but not least, through the real THRILLS that you get in close contact with these world-famous bears.

"We both made a solemn promise to return to Alaska to hunt with the Kodiak Guides, but next time we will go in the fall to hunt the Kenai Moose, white-mountain sheep, caribou, black and grizzly bear on the Kenai Peninsula where the Kodiak Guides hunt for the horned animals. If any of you Elk nimrods are interested in any kind of a hunt in Alaska I would suggest that you drop a line to the Kodiak Guides and get one of their illustrated book-lets on hunts." So says Lou A. Cornelius.



A ten-and-a-half-foot-two-thousand-pound bear is a trophy for any gun room



UNLESS you have followed coon dogs at night and witnessed a good coon and dog fight, then you have something coming to you says L. A. Peck and H. L. Rye of Hay Springs, Nebraska, who, with their friends, consider coon-hunting their feature winter sport. And baked coon is something

else again, and the answer is in the way the boys gang the Elks Club when there's a coon feed on.

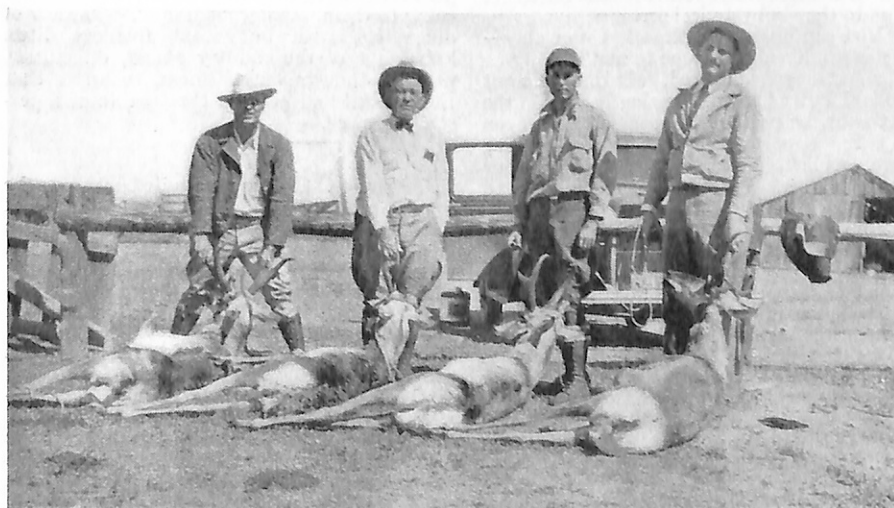
EDITOR'S NOTE: We think Peck and his friends are fortunate in having Rye along on their coon hunts, especially if the night is chilly.



HARRY and William Feeney of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, with their twelve-year-old Beagle dog "Teddy," accounted for the limit on Cotton Tails and Jack Rabbits in six hours' time last November when the season was opened in New Jersey. Harry is shown with their bag—William handling the camera. The New Jersey State Game Department imports rabbits from Kansas and other western states for release every year.



HERBERT F. LEE, Clarence Lee, Jay Warner, Otis Pierce, and Dr. L. I. Gist, all members of Coldwater, Mich., Lodge, No. 1023, invaded the wilds of Michigan along the Tahquamenon River this year on their annual deer hunt and, as may be seen by the above photograph, were able to give a very good account of themselves upon their return. As a result we understand the members of Coldwater Lodge will enjoy a feed of bear meat.



LEFT to right: Jay Leck, Carlsbad, N. Mex.; M. Stevenson, Roswell, N. Mex., Dist. Game Warden; Herman Hemler, Carlsbad, N. Mex.; Elliot Barker, Santa Fe, N. Mex., State Game Warden. Above are some of the antelope that were killed October 1 to 5, the first time that the season was ever open in New Mexico. They were killed

65 miles south west of Magdalena, N. Mex., on the "Addobes Ranch." The average weight of the four dressed was 96 pounds and a 14-inch spread of horns, 16 inch. in length. Every hunter who had a permit bagged an antelope by the end of the second day after the season opened. Reports indicate that game is plentiful in New Mexico.



M. P. REEDER, of Flint, Mich., Lodge, No. 222, sends in the following: "I am sending you one of my pictures of fish caught in an inland lake on St. Joseph's Island, a Canadian island in the St. Mary's River. They are just ordinary pike, but it is quite some sport to get out and get them. They are good fighters. I generally take from three to five in a morning, but this morning had no time to pull the anchor till all of these got on. The biggest job was taking them off."

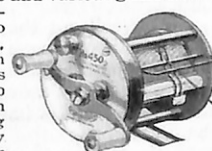
Ed. Note—Just ordinary pike look okay to us.



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100 pages of fishing facts. Famous fishermen—Courtney Riley Cooper, Ozark Ripley and others tell how they catch bass and various game fish. Gives detailed instructions teaching how to bait or fly cast. Shows, describes best known fish in actual colors. Tells how, through Oreno Fishing Bureau, you can secure reports of fishing conditions in most any lake region. Fishing hints galore! Write for "Fishing—What Tackle and When." Sent Free!



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Ask for No. 52 South Bend Rod—Genuine Split-Bamboo 2-piece, 3 to 5 1-2 foot lengths. Price \$2.25

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The Show Goes On

(Continued from page 23)

where Old Bess was screaming her joy at his approach. Calvert watched only a moment. Then he went forward to meet Leonard Purcell.

Connie had preceded him. He saw them embrace, the cousinly kiss with which they greeted each other, then Connie's change of expression as Leonard asked a question. The rider moved more swiftly. Connie Meade had half turned, as if awaiting him before she answered. Then as the equestrian and advance agent greeted each other, she said:

"Leonard doesn't like what we've done."

Purcell raised a hand.

"There, Connie," he exclaimed. "I'm only amazed. Why try to fix up this wreck? Let's use common sense. We're whipped—we've no place to go. You've said that yourself, Calvert."

"I've changed my mind," the rider answered bluntly.

"Does that make any difference?" The advance agent had whitened with suppressed anger. "You're not running the show."

"It just happens," answered Calvert, biting his words, "that Mother Meade has given me certain rights. We're going on, to Colorado."

Leonard Purcell stared with amazement. He asked Connie: "Is this correct?"

"Yes, she called him in yesterday and told him."

"She couldn't have been rational. This is madness."

"Is it?" Calvert interrupted. "This show's broke. It owes three weeks' salaries. We're almost licked—but not quite. So we're going to keep on until we're down and out or our very mysterious enemies are satisfied."

There was a peculiar unconscious stiltedness about the last sentence which caused Purcell to eye him queerly.

"You've made discoveries?" he asked interestedly. Calvert was himself again now.

"No, progress. Incidentally, I had Flatiron Keats arrested. He's been released as thoroughly innocent," he added quickly.

"Of course. Keats has always been loyal."

"So I found out," Calvert smiled wryly.

"But he was wearing some clothes that caused suspicion."

Eagerly Purcell got the details. Then Calvert added, as if making a report:

"One thing more. The Sheriff checked up by telegraph and got a description of the man who sold that suit. He had a birthmark on his right hand."

"Jason!" exclaimed Purcell. The girl rubbed her hands.

"Why in the world," she exclaimed, "should he stay on our track? It doesn't seem reasonable. Or human!"

"Leonard explained that," Calvert answered. "He stole from Mother and got himself out of any possible inheritance. And, of course, he hated me."

"Inheritance!" the girl sniffed.

"Crooked minds work peculiarly," Calvert argued. Then he asked Purcell: "Have you heard we caught a man named Joe Miller?"

"Joe Miller?" Again there was an eagerness for details. Calvert told what he knew. The Sheriff had sent out inquiry sheets, to say nothing of circulars regarding Jason Purcell as a bandit. There had been no trace of the stolen money. Leonard fed upon every detail. At last he took off his hat and smoothed it to a lustre.

"I'll take a look at this Miller later, if you don't mind. One of Jason's cronies, I suppose." He followed this with a quick intake of breath. "Things have happened so fast—I'm bewildered. I expected to find the show wrecked and it's being pieced together again. Can these possibly be townspeople?"

"Nobody else," said Calvert. "Buffalo Bill has lent me some money. With what I have

of my own savings and what the show people have lent Mother, we may get to Denver. The showfolks are willing to gamble on their wages. It's the only hope we've got."

"Do you know you're a wonderful man?" Purcell asked, somewhat too politely. "You come to us out of the blue, you've asked no salary and gotten none. You've spent your own money to help us, and are willing to spend more—without a single ulterior motive."

Bob Calvert smiled quizzically. He glanced over the man's shoulders.

"Mother Meade's in the doorway of her wagon," he suggested. "She's probably waiting for you." The advance agent bowed away. Connie watched after him, her features clouded. She stamped a foot.

"I could kill Leonard when he gets sarcastic!" she snapped.

"Was that sarcasm?" the equestrian laughed. She surveyed him with an upward roll of her eyes and walked away. At last the rider went forward to assist his fellow workmen.

HE was tired, with less than seven hours' sleep in thirty-six. All of the time had not been spent upon the actual rehabilitation of the circus. Bob Calvert, with this robbery, had found himself even more tightly entangled with this little circus than he had dreamed.

Until day before yesterday he had clung to an alibi of revenge, heightened by the misfortunes of a small show and his interest in making a real rider out of an amateur.

Now, rightly or wrongly, he saw everything in a new perspective. That was why he had spent much of the previous night with the Sheriff, checking over a thousand and one suspicions. That was why he had insisted upon the uncommon expense for those days of a positive identification by wire of both the buyer and seller of that suit from the second hand store merchant in Plum Creek.

This done, Calvert had turned to the writing of a dozen letters to friends in the East whom he could trust, to showmen and an old circus gambler in Atlanta.

After a time he deliberately walked past the treasury wagon. The door was closed. Mother Meade's upraised voice could be heard faintly from within. He could make out no words—but there seemed to be repetition; what Leonard said in answer was equally inarticulate. Once, however, Mother Meade raised her tones to the old hysterical scream:

"You can do as you please! Go or stay—stay or go, it's all the same to me!"

Calvert's eyes narrowed. He did not want Leonard Purcell to go. Anxiously, within the next hour, he passed and repassed the wagon at every opportunity. He gained nothing more. At last, half across the lot, Calvert saw the door open. Purcell came forth, followed by Mother Meade.

"Bob Calvert!" she cried out, "you come here!"

He obeyed her. As if she also had been summoned, Connie Meade hurried from where she had been sewing canvas. Then with a look at Purcell she halted, waiting.

The man was ghastly pale. He strove to summon his old insouciance and failed. Mother Meade glowered from the doorway.

"I've just told Leonard that I want him back with the show where he can do some good. Here we were in trouble, and what could he do to help?"

It was a command, not an announcement. Purcell turned to the others with a shrug of the shoulders:

"I've tried to tell Mother that I'm of no earthly use here."

"Then why don't you get away?" the old woman exclaimed. "I don't want you."

"Mother!" the girl insisted. "Be sensible."

"Sensible! I'm being sensible. I'm going to run my own business from now on. I'm not going to take anybody's advice." Suddenly she grimaced and looked toward Calvert. "Bob'll run the show all right. That's all I want. I'll look after myself."

Purcell seemed to have regained some of his composure. His shoulders shrugged. He turned his palms upward.

"Go ahead," he exclaimed.

"And nobody's going to handle the money but me!"

"What money is there to handle?" inquired Leonard, quietly caustic. It loosed a torrential reply.

"My boy there's got money! He showed it to me. He's going to get us out of this mess we're all in. Did you ever see him ride?" she inquired quickly of her nephew.

"No. And I never saw where his money comes from."

"Leonard!" The girl snapped it in flashing anger. Calvert stood silent; only the grayness of his lips, the set of his eyes revealed the inner struggle for composure. Purcell tossed off the implication.

"Oh, Mother says such things," he parried.

"No reason why you should be as bad," the girl answered. Her foster-cousin eyed her steadily.

"Perhaps Mother would be happier if we went away from here entirely," he said smoothly. It was almost casual, but it was a command. The girl's lips twitched. She half turned.

"It's your own business what you want to do, Leonard. As for myself, I'm not going to desert Mother."

"If you put it that way——"

Bob Calvert laughed.

"Be a good fellow, Leonard! You can't leave us. We can send Ortie Whipple ahead—he's anxious to do anything to get away from that knife-throwing act. We need you here!"

Leonard Purcell smiled.

"Besides," he said pleasantly. "One must protect one's rights."

"Exactly my idea," answered the equestrian. Two days later, with Mother Meade's wagon leading the way, the little show moved slowly out of North Platte City. Half the town was there to see them go. A great-shouldered man in a vividly painted buggy, waved his hat as teamsters, performers, and the little executive personnel called their good-byes. It was heartening to them, setting forth upon a journey of difficulties, with but scant finances, little knowledge of the country ahead, difficulties, perhaps dangers before them, to know that Buffalo Bill had gone to the trouble of a personal farewell.

ONE by one the wagons trailed out upon the prairie, each with its bubbling cloud of dust behind. Bob Calvert swung Duke out of the line, and to Cody's buggy. He extended a brown hand.

"I can't ever pay you back for your kindness," he said. "But I'll get that five hundred back to you or bust."

Buffalo Bill pulled at his goatee. He grinned.

"Well, if you don't," he said, "I can always use your note for wall-paper."

After a time, the town was far behind. The heat which had lasted for weeks, beat down upon the little cavalcade relentlessly. Calvert mopped his forehead, and with a quick twitch of his rein, slowed Duke's pace. He turned. A trotting horse was coming from behind.

"May I ride with you?" asked Leonard Purcell unctuously.

Calvert's lips twisted whimsically.

"I was about to request the same favor," he replied.

CHAPTER XIV

THE show drove late that night. The route still followed the Union Pacific; only the attitude of the circus people themselves gave evidence that a new adventure was before them. When at last the circus halted to await the dawn, it did so protectively; watchfulness was everywhere. Connie slept in the wagon with her mother. Horses grazed under the care of a night-herd.

Meade's Great Western, under Bob Calvert's direction, had become an armed camp, filled with suspicion for anyone, without or within it, who might make an untoward action.

Days passed with this same strange program. There were no towns that might warrant a stop; signal stations, deserted stage stations and former railroad camps offered no population from which the show could draw.

One night Calvert rode alone after a day of terrible heat, sultry, blazing with sun, yet torpidly humid. Heat lightning now blazed over distant buttes. Mother Meade had sent for Purcell; he was now in her wagon. It gave the equestrian an opportunity for conjecture. The thought would not leave him that this apparently chaste and pure man, who formed his riding companion, was in some way responsible for the misfortunes of Meade's Great Western Circus. How, he did not know, nor why. Perhaps, Calvert told himself, it was because he wanted a personal devil; someone he could see and blame instead of mysterious forces which never became visible.

He straightened in his saddle. Someone was riding toward him; Connie Meade on Leonard Purcell's horse.

"He'll be in there an hour yet," the girl announced as she swung her mount in step with his. "Mother's giving him the devil about something."

"Thanks for coming back," Calvert answered. "I was a bit lonely."

"For Leonard?" she bantered. Suddenly she asked: "Why have you been avoiding me? So you can watch Leonard?"

"Look here, Connie," the man exclaimed. "The other afternoon when we bumped into each other, you heard me say I loved you. Didn't you?" he insisted.

"Yes, I heard you, Bob."

"Did I disgrace you by it?"

"Of course not."

"Haven't I as much right as Leonard Purcell—more right? You were given to him. He hasn't had to make the slightest fight for you—he's just had you. I've got to fight, and if I choose to dislike him because I'm jealous of him—that's my privilege."

She swung her reins from side to side.

"Suppose I should say that you're not telling the truth?"

"What?" The man leaned back in his saddle.

"It's just this way, Bob. I'm not blind. You're laying it all to jealousy. It's something else. You've never gotten it through your head that there really is a Jason Purcell."

"That's not true, Connie. I can't think of one without thinking of the other, that's all. I know you'll say it's unfair."

She was silent a moment.

"I know exactly how you feel, Bob. I'd do it myself if I were you."

"And if I were you," he answered. "I'd tell a poor, lonely fellow that you're not mad at him."

"For what?"

"Telling you I love you."

"Could I stop you?"

"Surely. All that's necessary is to say you dislike me. I'm that kind. I wouldn't want to—"

"I didn't say I disliked you. Only—this other thing—you know—I've had to regard it all my life as inevitable."

Calvert suddenly leaned close to her.

"Then you do like me a little?"

"I like you too darned much!" she countered. Then, hastily she rode away. Calvert chuckled. Life was extremely pleasant just now. Finally Purcell came back from his conference. He remarked:

"Looks like the end of dry weather."

"I'm afraid so. That lightning's beginning to get a bit jagged."

Purcell laughed.

"Well, I may have a chance to prove to Mother that I'm something besides a dressed up Dude after all. She's been haranguing me for two hours about it."

The chance came shortly after midnight in the massing of black clouds, and a whine of wind, as the storm swept out of the West. Heat lightning had become splintering electricity. Horses bent their heads against the wind. Drivers and outriders reached for their ponchos. Then, the slashing patter of rain sounded, first from far away, steadily rushing closer, as it spat downward against dry, adobe soil. Ten minutes later, the show had halted, but not for rest. There were canvases to spread, properties to protect, warped wagon-tops to be covered and a temporary shelter erected. It accomplished little. Miserable, huddled with the chill of the sudden drop in temperature, the circus waited out the night. Toward dawn, the rain lessened, giving way to a persistent drizzle. Daylight brought gray skies, desolate vistas.

Calvert sought Mother Meade.

"We'd better get where there's shelter," he suggested. "This rain's going to last all day. If we can cross that arroyo, we ought to be able to cut down toward the river and find a cottonwood grove."

He pointed ahead to the rushing yellow of a surging gully. The old woman stared at the boil of water.

"It might be quicksand."

Calvert swung to his horse and urged Duke forward. The chestnut pawed at the edge of the swirl, then plunged deliberately across.

"Why, it's only up to his knees!" the old woman called. "We'll get everything across easy."

Calvert knew differently. Heavily loaded wagons would cut deep. The crossing began.

Tired horses lumbered into the stream. The wagons, as a rule, sunk deep, creaked horribly, and rocked through. At last came the canvas

wagon, its contents soaked from downpour. Flatiron moved forward with Queen Bess.

Now he hooked the big, asphalt colored beast and trotted forward. Just then Leonard Purcell rode up from a final survey of their night camping grounds. He reached down at it to take the bull-tender's bull-hook from him.

"Here," he said. "I'll take her across."

Calvert saw a bluish-flush sweep across the bull-keeper's face. A glitter came into his eyes. "You keep your damned hands off this elephant," he snarled. A look of hatred shot into Purcell's eyes.

"As you please," he snapped, and crossed the stream. Bob Calvert surveyed the remainder of the work abstractedly. For days, he had watched Flatiron Keats and Leonard Purcell, hoping for some covert glance, some faint signal as of understanding between this pair. But here there had been only venom.

The last wagon moved over. Flatiron Keats petted his elephant and hooking her to her knees, swung to her head for the jogging journey to camp. Calvert spurred his horse.

A mile, and the river had appeared, with its inevitable cottonwoods. Smoke was rising from a huge campfire. At the edge of the grove wandered Connie Meade and her foster mother bent in search.

"Mother lost her pocketbook," the girl called.

"Around here?"

"I don't know where I lost it," the old woman said blankly. "I got excited. I don't remember when I had it."

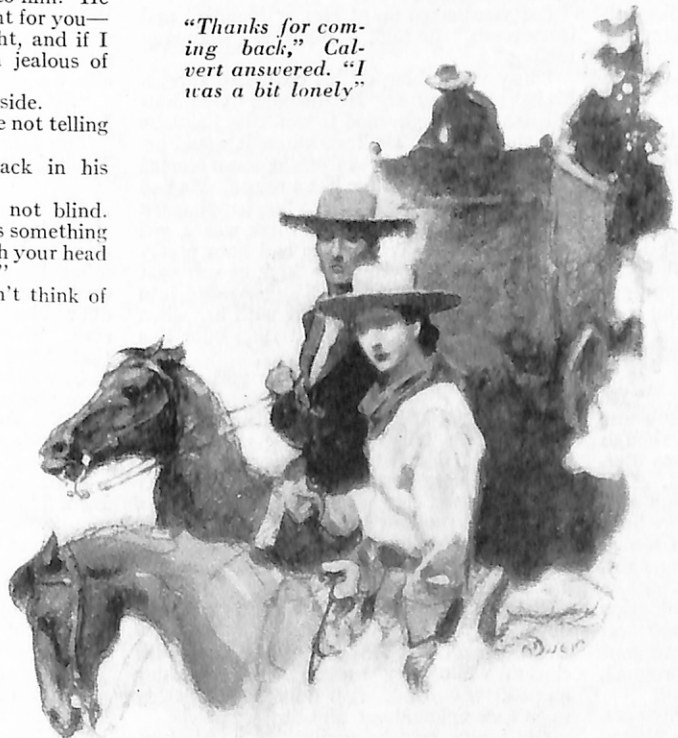
"I'll ride back, Mother." Calvert glanced over his shoulder as the horse took the back trail. Leonard Purcell and "Grandma" Sours were busily lugging branches to the fire; Calvert could not help giving the man credit for the manner in which he had swung to the job of actual work. Soaked, bedraggled, his hands blistered from labor, he had fulfilled every duty which lay before him.

On Calvert rode, now and then swinging out from the trail to survey the sodden ground. He saw nothing. The elephant lumbered by, with Flatiron swaying on her broad head. The canvas and pole wagons passed. At last, back at the arroyo, Calvert looked carefully about him, finally to ford to the spot where Mother Meade's treasury wagon had awaited its turn to cross the miniature flood.

There in the mud lay a worn, leather pocketbook, more of a bag than a purse. It was distended; the fingers of Bob Calvert instinctively pressed the packed contents as if to catalogue them. Somewhat guiltily, he looked about him. At last he opened the pocketbook. A tangle of nonentities faced him. He surveyed them all, a clasp purse, a few receipts, handkerchiefs, keys and a letter. Again Calvert glanced about him. Then with the pocketbook under his arm, he slid the paper from the envelope. It was from the Mullins and Hart Shows, and signed by Noah Mullins. One paragraph nailed Calvert's gaze.

"We will understand perfectly about you not trying to send any more payments for awhile. Now, that is all right, Mother. If you can make more money by taking this railroad jump to Colorado, that is the thing to do. You see, the sooner you get the extra debts and interest paid off, the sooner you will be on a clear footing. We'll try to hold on for you, but we do want you to try your best to clean up those back payments. The show's valuable, Mother, and so is Joshua's third interest. You've got to do your best to hold on to it—"

Bob Calvert folded the letter
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(Continued from page 35)

and restored it to its former position in the pocketbook. Halfway back to camp, he met the old woman, alone, still searching.

"Never mind, Mother," he called. "I found your pocketbook."

He gave it into her clawing hands, and insisted that she ride back to camp on Duke.

There was a satisfied look in his eyes as he followed. He knew now what became of the money which reached Mother Meade's pitifully eager hands. And he felt he also knew the reasons for mysterious riots, bridge-burnings, assaults and a hey-rube at North Platte. Someone wanted that third interest in the big show owned by Mullins and Hart.

CHAPTER XV

BY NIGHT the rain had subsided. There was an effort at jollity around the campfire. Connie strummed chords on a banjo, borrowed from "Grandma" Sours. Teamsters, on a piece of dry canvas, played cards by the light of the fire. Purcell slept. On the steps of her wagon, enigmatical as always, sat Mother Meade, her hair straggling over her arms as she sat, chin in hands, staring at the fire. As for Bob Calvert, he strove to maintain an appearance of interest in everything about him, but it was difficult.

Conjectures streamed through his brain. He knew now that the show's difficulties were not a matter of revenge. Everything pointed to acquisition—to force Mother Meade into a corner, where she must sell an equity in a high-paying investment. This was not the ordinary kind of loan; Joshua Meade had borrowed on the earning power of his investment as well as the physical property.

The rider glanced at Purcell—and realized that suspicion had been born because it was desired. It could be anyone. There were few

secrets on this little circus; what one knew, everybody knew.

Calvert moved farther from the fire, and for a moment watched Connie, as she sang to the strumming of the banjo. He wished for the miracle that could make her heart sing, instead of her lips. But time was growing short.

June had passed. July had been bitten into deeply. It would be well into August when the show reached Denver, and September before the real mining camps across the Great Divide could be attained. Winter does not wait long in the mountains.

To reach Denver would be an achievement in itself. Dry again, hopeful once more, the cavalcade started anew the next morning. Blue skies had vanished; there was a chill in the air; clouds hung low, drifting wraith-like over distant hills and buttes. The long day went by and others following. The show pulled into Ogallala with its scattered population. Nevertheless, the circus was welcomed. Ortie Whipple had been there as advance agent; evidently he had met everyone in town. That afternoon, when the straggling audience spotted the seats of the big top, performers were called by name, and their acts known before they entered the ring.

There was no word from North Platte. Evidently, there was nothing to report—the money, stolen from the treasury wagon was still missing as well as those who had taken it.

Early the next morning the show pulled out, grateful for the few dollars it had gained by stopping. At least, they paid for provisions necessary for the journey of nearly forty miles to what was once the roaring camp of Julesburg. Now it was all but deserted. Where there had been two thousand persons, there were not now three hundred, and few of these could afford the money to attend a circus. Calvert dug deep into his money-belt here.

There must be heavy supplies for a vicious journey.

They turned southwest now, on the old trail to Denver. The travail began.

Day followed day in unbreaking monotony, except for the difficulties which incessantly bestrode the show. The country had changed to hummocked, baked land, like the roll of an angry ocean. Far away, the faint, saw-rigged line of the Rocky Mountains appeared before them, like an unattainable object. Day after day, they grew no nearer. The show plodded on.

Impending storms dwindled to showers. Dust rose in gritting whirlwinds. Workmen turned irritable. Mother Meade screamed at the slightest infraction of her ever-changing never-sensible rules. Connie was silent, and strangely drawn. Bob Calvert rode the route of the straggling line of wagons, trying to cheer up a man here, a tired horseman there, proud of their loyalty. He even found admiration for Leonard Purcell. Least fitted of any for this grueling journey, the man made no protest. One day Calvert found him swaying, asleep in his saddle. The equestrian touched his shoulder, lest he fall from his horse. The man gasped and straightened. Calvert turned quickly away. It was as if he had looked into the eyes of the man who had shot him in Deadwood; tired features had taken on a look of dissipation, of age. Suddenly Calvert chided himself. The resemblance had been so vivid, that imagination, it seemed, had supplied all else. He had even thought he had caught the scent of whiskey.

"Probably because I need a drink myself," the equestrian muttered. Suddenly he touched Duke with his spurs. An outrider had cheered.

The mountains seemed to have jumped nearer. Far away was a glitter of a gilded church-steeple. Denver!

(To be continued)

All the Brothers Were Keoghs

(Continued from page 8)

"So they kidnapped Bob," Dinty saw it all. It was part of the game. The racket. They had Bob on ice some place, would keep him there a few days. "Must have got him with guns," some far part of Dinty's mind was thinking. "Bob wouldn't have gone otherwise." Aloud he said: "And they'll keep him locked up till they collect the forfeit money and damages."

"And insurance against non-appearance," added Partyka, cracking his thumbs. He didn't look at the others. The four of them could see how it all worked. Could see the papers on the streets before the lights were out in the Garden, telling how Laughing Bob Keogh had run out. Bob. Dinty couldn't bear to look at his father, at Hefty Keogh, who had fought them all. All Broadway, all the country, saying Bob Keogh had run out—Bob Keogh, as game a kid as ever lived, make no mistake about that. Something got Dinty in the throat. "I was always the one that got the family in disgrace," he was thinking, "but Bob, he's different. Nobody can take any cracks at Bob."

Beside him Partyka stirred wearily. "He was a good kid," he said, as though Bob was dead. Funny, how they all acted as though Bob was dead. His heart checked—so Bob was, as far as fighting was concerned. Bob Keogh, contender for the title, had run out. A fighter has no alibi. Picture the funny boys on the papers believing a story of Bob Keogh being kidnapped the afternoon of the fight, after he was weighed in. No: Bob Keogh, a boy who had come through every elimination bout without a referee ever lifting a hand over him, was out, through, finished. He had gone panicky at the last minute and had scrambled, that's what the sporting world would say.

Matt Schley drew his hand across his eyes. "Them dirty bums," he sobbed. He leaned

down and pretended to fix a shoe-lace. "Going to tell the news guys now?"

"Might as well," Bill Partyka struck out with a kind of tired savagery.

Dinty looked up. "What did Bob weigh in at?" he asked.

Partyka looked up at him. "Hundred and forty-seven," he said. "For God's sake stop talking."

Dinty was taking off his coat, had thrown his hat into a corner. He thought: "God, how O'Brien will laugh—and it won't be Eastlake this time. . . ." He knew where it would be. Already the walls of the dressing-room seemed to be closing around him like a prison. He had wanted decent things, a clean life, happiness, a wife to keep him straight—there was a girl out there in the West. She had been pretty nice to him—she seemed to think he was that guy Sir Galahad and Gene Tunney rolled into one. He remembered walking with her when the apples were ripening and their odor like cider hung heavy on the air. . . .

"I weighed in yesterday," he said slowly, "at 147."

They stared at him, and the room grew still as nothing in New York had ever been still before. Outside they could hear shouts and telegraph instruments but that was in another world. Matt Schley still bent over his shoe, stared as if through a haze. Partyka ran his tongue over his lips. "Click-click," said the telegraph instruments, "click-click," like the light clink of handcuffs.

Hefty Keogh spoke. "Are you in training, boy?"

Dinty nodded. He took off the rest of his clothes while they watched. Matt Schley gasped. "My God. It is Bob." Matt Schley wasn't worrying about the scar.

Old Hefty Keogh was looking at his boy.

At a machine built to fight. At Bob's double. His eyes met Dinty's; his arm went around his shoulders. He did not speak.

Partyka said: "He's got Bob's face, his build, his smile—"

"Everything," said Dinty, "except what Bob's got." He had no delusions about himself. He couldn't win. But he could save Bob's face, the honor of the Keoghs—and, incidentally, a piece of change for Partyka.

"Ah, we couldn't do it—" said Partyka. But his eyes said: "Still—"

The thing was unbelievable, preposterous. It could not be done. But it had to be done.

THEY all went out together. Partyka walked close to Dinty on one side, old Hefty on the other, his arm around his boy's shoulder as it used to be when he was small. Old Hefty did not know that O'Brien would recognize the scar. There was a buzzing in Dinty's ears that at first he did not recognize, for he seemed to be walking in a dream. Then he knew they were approaching the ring—that the buzzing was the shouting of the crowd, the roar of thousands of throats.

Looking up, he saw that Toughie Werner was already in the ring, bowing to the crowd. Behind him were Denver Kolby and Sol Gallio, who knew where Bob was. Dinty could see them over the heads of the seconds and the handlers. Outwardly innocent, they smiled and patted shoulders and waited gleefully for the announcer to let the crowd know that the main event was off—that Laughing Bob Keogh, the favorite, the beloved of Broadway, had given himself the air.

Dinty said: "There they are, dad. . . ." —nothing more. With the three behind him, he vaulted through the ropes into his corner.

As the crowd roared, Toughie and his cohort saw the unbelievable. Stood frozen, watching ghosts walking. Saw Keogh. Waiting. Ready. "What the hell?" snarled Toughie to Sol Gallio when he could speak. But Gallio looked as if he wanted to cross himself. Bob Keogh could not be at large, yet there he was as though he had passed through stone walls by witchcraft.

Old Hefty, rubbing his boy's shoulders under the scarlet robe, stared back at them with the loathing that a snake inspires. Only Partyka grinned as Joe Dumphries, the announcer, climbed through the ropes and, as the bell silenced the auditorium, called:

"Ladies and gentlemen: In this here corner, Toughie Werner, Welterweight Champion of the World. In this here corner, Laughing Bob Keogh, contender for the title—"

The fighters advanced to the center for their instructions as the ring was cleared and only Bill Partyka stopped for a second to favor Denver Kolby and Sol Gallio with a wide, sardonic grin. But it was the last grin with which he would favor the world for some time, for Dinty, looking around the circle of faces at the ring-side below him, saw what he knew he would see. There, in the third row, was Jeff O'Brien, who had sworn to get him. Jeff O'Brien with his clipped mustache, his dagger eyes and blue-shaved, heavy jaw. Their eyes met for a second and O'Brien, eyebrows lifted, raised his hand and traced along his own forehead a line like the course of a scar. O'Brien who had come to the Garden knowing that where one Keogh was fighting another Keogh was bound to be.

Dinty's expression did not change. It was impossible for it to grow bleaker, but there was a tremendous change within. He was all at once sick of life, sick of the future, with a swift fear of its ugliness. Like blood from a wound, the fight went out of him. What was the use? He could save Partyka's money, save Bob's face, but he could not fight. Bob could do that for himself some other time. His formless dread, at the sight of O'Brien had yielded to a blank sense of helplessness. Filled as he was with the mysticism of the Irish, he knew that he could not escape his destiny. O'Brien was Fate.

THE gong sounded and Toughie Werner was moving toward him with his steady, flat-footed advance, chin on his breast, left well out, his devastating right held back, ready. Toughie could fight, even though he knew he could not lick Bob Keogh, and he was going to make this as good a scrap as he could. But when the bell rang he went back to his corner, baffled. "What's he up to?" he was thinking. "What's he holding back?" For no thunderbolt had awaited him. The crashing attack that was Bob's way of fighting was not in evidence.

"How about it?" asked Denver anxiously. "Don't get it," said Toughie. "He's rotten or fakin'."

"Feel him out good this time," counseled Denver, bewildered. He gazed at Toughie at the end of the second round as though the events of the evening were too much for him. It looked to him as though Toughie were playing with his opponent. Toughie shook his head. "He must be doped," was his solution.

Denver sat back relaxed, whispering under his hand to Sol. "I know Toughie," he said. "Now he'll fight. If this Keogh ghost had shoved him round a bit, Toughie'd been out the window. But he sees he can lick this guy now and he'll fight like hell."

And fight Toughie did in the third round. He rushed Dinty like a bull, battering down his guard, clubbing short, savage punches into his body. He knew he could wipe up the earth with this ballyhooed Irish boy and the crowd knew it, too. It had come to see a fight and was being cheated. A derisive, angry roar beat down from the gallery, up from the ringside.

"Get going, Keogh."

"Wake up, Van Winkle."

But no goading from the fans helped Dinty. Panting, streaming sweat, spattered with blotches where bruising blows had landed, he was taking punishment blindly and giving none. Through the blur, he could hear old Hefty's agonized voice: "Hook him, boy, hook him." But Hefty's face was taking on years. "He ain't fightin'," groaned Schley. "What's eatin' him? Maybe he's doped or somethin'?"

But Hefty was facing what he thought to be, at last, the truth. Always he had stuck up for his boy; always he had said that some day Dinty would get over his foolishness and come through. Now he could no longer hold up that hope to himself. "He never had it," he said to himself. "He can't take it." Something in the bitter necessity of facing that truth drilled a hole in old Hefty's spirit, tunnelled relentlessly through his pride. Poignant and bitter in his heart was the feeling that his boy was yellow.

ALL that could be said for Dinty at the end of the fourth was that he had not yet been knocked out. He went back into his corner with the face of a dead man, frozen into a mask of quiet despair. He could think of nothing but O'Brien. He hadn't glanced toward the detective again, but he felt him all about him thick and terrible, like poison gas in the air.

"Tear into this stiff," Matt growled at him, wielding towels. "Show him how to take a kidnappin' joke."

"Yeah," Dinty said dully. His eyes wandered to the sea of faces where O'Brien was, but he could not see him through the smoke.

"You don't need to count the house," said Matt, disgustfully. "Your job's to fight."

They watched him go in again. "Box him, kid, box him," Matt whispered as he slid out of the ring but Hefty was quiet. It was no use. It was in the last minute of the fifth that Toughie planted two rights on Dinty's left eye, almost closing it. Those blows for a second awakened the Keogh in him. He retaliated with a whizzing upper cut that sent the amazed Toughie reeling and brought an answering cheer from the crowd. Perhaps, after all, they would see a scrap. But the bell rang and Dinty went back to his corner as though he were pushing his way laboriously through some dense wood.

"You got his goat that time, boy," said Matt, keeping his voice cheerful. While in the other corner Toughie, in an ecstasy of appreciation of himself and of the winner's end of the fight, smiled his vicious smile.

At the bell, he danced out of his corner and plunged in. Everyone knew the fight was almost over and the crowd was sullen; a joke scrap like this was going too far in making boobs of the fans. "Kill him, Toughie," they yelled. "Kill him." Toughie had never been a popular champion and he almost waved to them in his appreciation. Automatically Dinty side-stepped as the Champion rushed him. His head had cleared for the time and he began, all at once, to think while he fought. He stabbed Toughie away and feinted for an opening. . . . The champion came in again, bobbing past Dinty's left, hooking short punches to the body that jolted the contender back on his heels. "Why don't you learn to fight?" he goaded Dinty, escaping into open territory.

"Maybe I might," and Dinty went after him. He rammed his tormenting left at Toughie's face, bored in again, rocked Toughie with a right so hard that Toughie shut both his eyes and his mind for a second.

But Toughie charged.

Dinty was on the ropes. Toughie, snarling, exultant, whipped over his right, and Dinty couldn't duck. That last minute was the first thrilling moment for the spectators and they made the most of it. Howling, they rose to their feet as Toughie's punch crashed home on Dinty's jaw. But Dinty's shoulder came up, and Toughie's famous knock-out punch failed to land on the point of the chin. It was close enough, however, so that darkness enveloped the last hope of the Keoghs and swallowed him up. It was as though the poison-gas of O'Brien had got to him at last. He forgot O'Brien, forgot the girl out West under the apple trees, forgot Eastlake as he crumpled and fell through a bottomless black void.

The riot of the crowd rolled over him unheeded. Quietly, he lay and far, far off he heard a voice: "Three—four—" Somehow he knew it to be the voice of the referee and yet that marking off of sounds seemed to him to be complete nonsense. It meant nothing in his life. His eyes were not quite closed and above him he saw what he knew to be a rope and it was splashed with red. A roar far away like thunder—"Five—" the nonsense again. Some distant force that knew matters were not entirely on the lap of the gods slowly forced his eyelids farther open. Below him were faces. "Six—" boomed the voice of fate. And now Dinty was staring into the eyes that he knew so well. O'Brien's eyes, not ten feet away, O'Brien, his ancient enemy. O'Brien against whom for years he had pitted his strength and his cunning. But there was something in those eyes that Dinty Keogh had never seen before. It was contempt. Contempt for him as a man, as a fighter. Not only the knowledge that he had Dinty in the hollow of his hand, but the look of one who regards an insect.

"Seven—" And as though lightning had flashed across a dark countryside, that sneer tore through the apathy that had bound Dinty. His imagination that had pictured O'Brien as Fate, as Destiny, ceased to work and reality took its place. Dinty caught his breath. "For God's sake," he thought; "just a flatfooted dick." He leaned his head on the ring floor, and listened to the crowd that clamored for his blood.

"Eight—" and into the white floor, Dinty was cursing: "Damn him, damn him to hell." "Eight." Suddenly that word meant something to him. A madness came over him. Stark, staring madness. He who had been lying there, beaten, lifted his bloody head and stared at his captor with a hatred terrible to see. He was sensitive to everything now. Felt the noise striking down on him from the smoky ceiling, slapping up at him from the twenty dollar seats. He moved and one hand went out along the floor. Again the gallery roared.

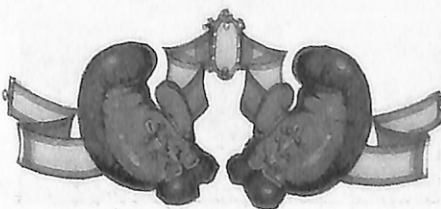
"Nine"—blotting out the seconds of a man's happiness, his freedom, his every hope. The crowd roared, rapturous in the cruelty of its unsatisfied blood-lust, for it had no reason to think that this groveling thing was game. Dinty hated them. Hated them all, this pack at his heels, hounding him to jail. And in that fury he was up, on his feet once more, a tiger let loose inside the ropes.

Toughie was unprepared. The cheers for him as champion changed into the scream of cave-men. For before the eyes of them a man had gone raving mad and was flying at the champion with the fury of a wildcat. Swarming over him; beating down his defense with a devilry of jolting hooks and swings.

The round ended with Toughie on the run, crouching under a blinding storm of punishment as the house took on more of Dinty's madness. The bored reporters flew at their typewriters. Ray McAneny, at the microphone, broke into a stammering, astounded description of a thing that was unbelievable, for a million ears that could not believe.

But Dinty Keogh went quietly to his corner. He did not, by so much as the flicker of an

(Continued on page 38)



(Continued from page 37)

eyelash, acknowledge the ovation, for the simple reason that he did not hear it. He was beyond it all. Lifted on the wave of his own desperation.

Like a flame enthusiasm swept the Garden. Shrill cries, shouts, laughter were bound in a louder and louder volume of noise. "Laughing Bob—oh, you Bob." Another round half as good as that and their money had been well spent.

As the gong clanged Dinty sprang from his chair but was no faster than Toughie who had been taking sterling counsel from Denver. "Rough stuff, that's his dish," said Denver. "This means a couple of hundred grand. Go after him."

They met in the center of the ring. Dinty on his toes, arms poised to hit with either hand. Toughie crouching. Just a fraction of an instant they faced each other. This was fighting as Toughie understood it. Like a flash, as the rattler strikes, his left shot out for the other's jaw. Quick as was the lead, was the reception of the boy that old Hefty had trained from the cradle. Dinty fell away like water slipping and rolled his red head with the impact. That flaming mane snapped back a bit but the lithe body did not budge. Toughie could not believe that this was the man he had been fighting all along. He had had enough of miracles, all his dull brain could stand. So it was not audacity that now electrified the joyous crowd, but that sheer unbelief. Instead of stepping back to guard against a possible counter, he snarled into Dinty's face and worked in closer. Each hammered with both hands and Dinty hooked a pretty left to the face as the crowd howled its delight. Stung, Toughie rushed in as though his whole body bellowed with pain and rage. Again Dinty astounded a crowd that had come to think of him as a joke, by holding his ground, still with that strange look on his face that he had had for the last two rounds. The two men came to close grips and the hysterical, hoarse onlookers saw that for a second the terrible Toughie was like a baby in the hands of this lunatic opponent. He was groggy as he got out of range, and after him went the once dazed Dinty. But Werner was fighting, fighting for two hundred thousand dollars. And as the round ended he shot another blow at this cluck who was trying to take those good iron men away from him.

"And as for blood," said the referee, ruefully regarding his white flannel trousers, "between them they shed enough to capture Shanghai."

Dinty was back in his corner. He felt Hefty's hand on his shoulder, saw the bright blue of Hefty's gaze blazing proudly out of his scarred and riven countenance into his own. No longer did Hefty need to feel ashamed of his son. Dinty might be knocked out in the next three minutes, but he had put up a battle that any man could be proud of. The Keoghs could hold up their heads again. Dinty would have liked to have sat there feeling pleased with himself, but all he could think of was hating O'Brien; that was all his bruised body and aching heart could hold: hatred.

The bell roused the hatred to new life. There was no denying him now. No denying this man who was hunted and lost. The lust of battle was in his hunted eyes; the scent of blood was in his nostrils. He who was to be hunted by the pack for one minute still could hold them at bay. Toughie Werner had come by rights to his name but he was facing a man who stood in close and literally drubbed into a state of unconsciousness the thing that stood for O'Brien and Fate. Dinty, fighting his destiny, could feel his man soften under the blows. He stepped back suddenly, as one who might say, "And this for Mary," and whipped the right to the heart and brought the left to Werner's jaw. Toughie's knees sagged—a glassy look came into his eyes and then he toppled forward. Down went the hopes of Denver Kolby. There, a helpless mess, rested the two thousand grand that he had held his own. Silence fell on the Garden. "One—two—three—four—five—" the seconds peeled off in pendulum swing. Dinty turned his gaze slightly and his cold gaze fell upon the face of O'Brien. "Six—seven—eight—" like the voice of a judge. At the count of six, Toughie Werner pulled himself together; rolled on one knee and listened to the count. At eight he tried to get up. "Nine," shouted Clark, the referee, and with the shout the champion staggered to his feet as Dinty had done a round or two before. Savagely, fighting for his title and his bank account, he bounded halfway across the ring at a man who had been a ghost, dead man and wildcat all in seven rounds. But the Keogh twin was too old a hand. Cooly, as one who steps up to an end he can not avoid, Dinty stepped in to meet the flying target. Straight to the jaw the punch traveled, the force of the champion's catapulting body doubling its effect. The blow, which to the spectators, seemed to travel only an inch or two, dropped Denver Kolby's man as though he had been shot through the head. There he lay in the center of the ring while the referee's arm rose and fell to the fatal count of ten.

Turning from the fallen Werner, Clark walked over to Dinty Keogh who stood watching in his corner and raising his right hand announced the new welterweight champion of the world.

They were all in the dressing-room when he got back. All the big boys and the reporters and the vaudeville men with contracts hanging out of their pockets.

"No, I've got nothing to say," said Dinty to the reporters. "It was a good fight. I couldn't get started at first." He looked at the clock above the rubbing table. "It's getting late," he said. "I'm kinda tired," he said, "so if you'll excuse me—" Jeff O'Brien wasn't there yet, but he would be, in a minute. And Dinty thought he'd rather not have the reporters around when Jeff got there.

Hefty—old Hefty—looked down at him when the newspaper boys had gone.

"It was a good fight, kid," said old Hefty. "I don't know when I've seen a better fight." "I couldn't get started at first," Dinty Keogh said.

HIS anger was gone now. He meant not to let them see he cared so much when Jeff O'Brien came. He meant to go off with Jeff without telling them anything—Matt Schley and Bill Partyka and Hefty. Everything was so happy and they were so grateful. They never need know about Mary, and they'd never know how bad Eastlake seemed to him. They couldn't know, because they'd never seen Lark Haven, and the apples lying under the trees. It would be better if he didn't tell them about that, about the white houses and sparring with Bill Pratt in the gymnasium and hearing people call out "Hello, Dinty," in the evenings.

Dinty was on the rubbing table when O'Brien appeared in the doorway. He sat up and looked at Jeff across Bill Partyka's head. He hoped Jeff would be decent and not say anything in front of the boys. Dinty was ready and would go along without a fuss.

But Jeff O'Brien did a funny thing. He took off his derby hat and he looked at Dinty Keogh for quite a long time. He didn't say much but what he meant was on his face, clearer than a lot of things he might have said. When it was all over, Dinty could remember exactly his words. It was a fine thing to remember, for Jeff was looking straight at the scar and his face was a little flushed.

"A great fight, Bob," he said. "You've certainly got the stuff, kid, and I'd like to shake hands."

"Well, so long," and O'Brien was gone.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 31)

State Elks Association. A reception committee, headed by Exalted Ruler Joseph A. Crossen of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, and the officers of the State Association met the Grand Exalted Ruler's party and escorted them to the Copley Plaza Hotel, where Judge Thompson and Grand Esquire Warner met and conferred with State Association officials. Preceding the dinner a reception was held for the Grand Exalted Ruler which was attended by some 650 Elks and their ladies. In the receiving line were Judge and Mrs. Thompson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Mrs. Malley, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Grand Secretary Masters, Grand Esquire and Mrs. Warner, E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and Mrs. Sullivan, President Michael H. McCarron of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, and Exalted Ruler Crossen. Following the banquet Past Exalted Ruler Frank J. McHugh, of Lynn, Mass., Lodge, No. 117, chairman of the committee in charge, introduced E. Mark Sullivan as Toastmaster. Mr. Sullivan then presented as the speakers of the evening President Mc-

Carron, Joseph A. Conroy, representing Mayor James M. Curley, Governor Joseph B. Ely and the Grand Exalted Ruler. At the conclusion of Judge Thompson's address he was presented with a beautiful oriental rug by Past Exalted Ruler Edwin O. Childs, of Newton Lodge, No. 1327, on behalf of the Association. The James R. Nicholson trophy was then presented to Newton Lodge, winners in the state-wide ritualistic contest. Grand Esquire Warner presented trophies to the district winners, which were Newton Lodge, in the Central, Boston in the Southeast, and Wakefield, No. 1276, in the Northeast.



Forty-five Lodges were represented at the dinner and among the many widely known guests were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Edwin K. McPeck and William E. Earle, Past Presidents of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, and Vice-Presidents Edward D. Larkin and William J. Moore.

From Boston the Grand Exalted Ruler travelled to a fine meeting at Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, on Washington's Birthday, and from there to Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19, where he took part in the fiftieth anniversary celebration. Leaving New England he called on Scranton and Sharon, Pa., Lodges, Nos. 123 and 103. Some days later, on March 2, he was the guest at a banquet given by Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, and the next day attended a luncheon given by the officers of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. All of these visits were occasions for splendid meetings, and they will be reported in detail in next month's issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Lack of space prevents adequate reviews of them in this number.



Mr. F. Dudley Courtenay,
President, Advisory Council
of Bridge Headquarters and
the foremost advocate of
standardization of bidding
among all Bridge authorities

Contract Bridge For Elks

By F. Dudley Courtenay

The Play's the Thing

I HAVE selected from my list of requests for special articles, the following: "Please tell us something about planning the play of a hand." The Editor positively refused to turn over the entire ELKS MAGAZINE for ten years so that I could adequately cover the subject, so the next best thing to do is to try and give a few salient points which may help you to play a hand intelligently.

The game of Contract Bridge is divided into two sections. One treats of the bidding or contracting which, by means of an established Bridge language we call a system, directs two players forming a side or team to arrive at the declaration best fitted for their combined hands. The other section comprises the play of the cards which is really the practical test of the theories presented during the bidding. The majority of writers on Contract Bridge have explained, expounded and exposed their ideas of how the bidding should proceed, but virtually ever one has taken for granted that their readers are well versed in the play. Consequently, that phase of the game, until recently, has been somewhat neglected. Granting that two players understand a bidding system perfectly and each interprets the other's declarations to a fastidious nicety and granting that every hand is perfectly bid, what is actually gained by their precision if they handle their cards in a careless or faulty manner during the play? In this advanced age of Contract Bridge development, it seems to me that too much time is spent teaching systems and not enough instruction is given the pupil in the sound, conventional theories of proper play. I have witnessed many hands which had been bid excellently only to discover that the contract met with defeat because the Declarer did not quite understand the proper way to finesse, or did not know the meaning of holding up the opponents' suit, or blocked himself in one hand or another. The play is very important.

The view of the play is seen from two angles—the Declarer's standpoint and that of the adversaries. The play of the Declarer has come to be known as the offensive and that of the adversaries, the defensive. But the characterization by these two names is erroneous because in many cases the offense or attack is carried on by the adversaries and the Declarer is extended to his utmost in defending his contract.

Let us consider in this article, the case of the so-called offensive or Declarer's side and the problems he has to face. By becoming the Declarer, a player takes upon his shoulders the responsibility of manipulating the entire twenty-six cards held by his side and is under

contract to produce a certain definite number of winning tricks or be penalized a certain number of points for failing to do so.

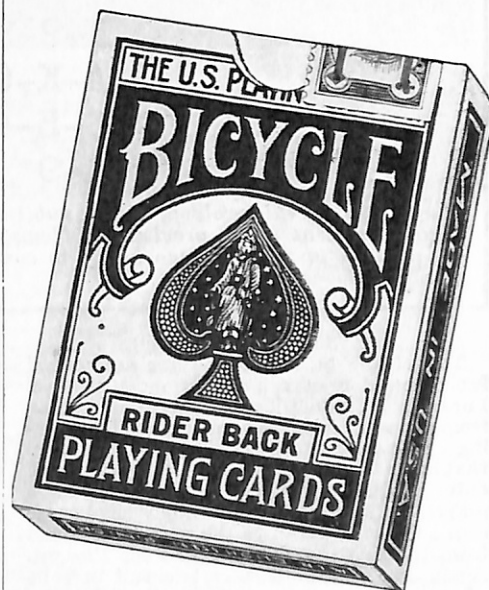
Accordingly, the Declarer's objectives are, first, to win the number of tricks his side contracted for; second, to win as many tricks as possible over that amount; and third, if defeat appears imminent, to minimize his obvious losses. The merit of a Declarer is measured by his ability to recognize his stock of resources, his ability to apply correctly the inferences gathered from the bidding, leads and plays of the opponents, and his ability to map out an intelligent plan of campaign before the first trick is completed. There are entirely too many tricks and games lost because a player thought after his cards were played. A prominent authority once said that he could stand at a distant point in a room where several Bridge games were in progress and pick out the Declarers who were good players and those who were not. All one had to do was to notice how the Declarer acted when the first lead was made and how much time was spent in the forming of a definite plan of action. The good players would generally take some little time to study the situation presented but the poor players would lose no time in playing a card from the Dummy hand. The only time they hesitated was when their previously hasty actions got them into difficulties and they were then forced to put on their thinking caps in order to extricate themselves.

THE beginner will at first find the planning of a complete campaign a trifle beyond his power. But by forming a habit of deliberating before playing a card and following a systematic course of procedure, he will soon discover to his delight that at each sitting this planning will be easier and the results more profitable.

The Declarer must take into consideration the fact of whether the opponents have bid or not during the contracting and if they did, what their declaration was and under what circumstances it was made. The Declarer should realize that if the opponents have bid, they have shown at least a definite amount of strength—but very often their bidding can be put to advantage by the Declarer, inasmuch as he then has some clue to enable him to locate certain adverse cards and he may plan and play accordingly. If the opponents have not made a call, the Declarer must discover their strength by applying keener observation during the course of the play. He must particularly notice the cards led and played by the adversaries and gather inferences therefrom.

(Continued on page 40)

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All Vulnerable. No score.

| | | | |
|------------|---|--------------|--|
| ♠ K-10-7-3 | | | |
| ♥ J-8-4 | | | |
| ♦ K-7-3-2 | | | |
| ♣ J-3 | | | |
| ♠ 4-2 | N | ♠ A-Q-6 | |
| ♥ 6-5-3-2 | | ♥ 10-7 | |
| ♦ Q-10-9 | W | ♦ A-J-8 | |
| ♣ 8-5-4-2 | | ♣ K-Q-10-7-6 | |
| | | S | |
| ♠ J-9-8-5 | | | |
| ♥ A-K-Q-9 | | | |
| ♦ 6-5-4 | | | |
| ♣ A-9 | | | |

The solution to this problem will be published next month. The enormous number of solutions sent in on previous problems involves so much careful checking, that the work is just a little too heavy to continue the offer of prizes for solutions of these problems.

(Continued from page 39)

To get the best results, there are several fundamental rules a Declarer must observe. For instance, more tricks can be won by leading from the weak hand toward the hand containing high cards than by leading from the hand that holds these high cards. The importance of entry cards, and cards of re-entry, allowing a player to win in either the Dummy hand or his own so that the lead to the next trick comes from the right hand, deserves some thought. Again, the control of a certain suit or suits often plays a prominent part in the fulfilment of a Declarer's contract.

Very seldom, indeed, are two hands played exactly alike, but as a general rule, most hands follow somewhat along these lines:

When the hand is played at NO Trump, the Declarer should first count the tricks he is sure of winning and then decide which suit or suits he should try to set up or establish in order to win at least the number of tricks his contract calls for. He should decide, before playing from the Dummy to the first trick, whether that first trick should be won or not, and if so, by which of his two hands; he must observe which suits must be led from the Dummy toward his hand and which must be led from his hand toward the Dummy. In playing a No Trump hand, the Declarer's foremost consideration is the establishing of long cards of a suit as winners.

When a hand is played with a suit declaration, the Declarer should, before playing to the first trick, count his apparent losing cards and lay out a plan of play to eliminate these losers

or as many of them as possible. In a suit bid, this can be done by either ruffing or discarding on a long established suit. In some hands where there is a trump suit, the Declarer's best policy is to exhaust the adverse trumps as quickly as possible so that his established or establishable cards can be led without the risk of an adverse ruff; but in other cases, exhausting trumps immediately, prevents the Declarer from ruffing one or more of his otherwise sure losers. Whether trumps should immediately be led or whether ruffing should first be applied, depends upon the construction of the hands of the Declarer and the Dummy. Practice and experience are the best teachers in these cases.

SOLUTION OF THE MARCH PROBLEM

| | | | |
|----------------|---|------------|--|
| ♠ 4 | | | |
| ♥ 8-6-4-2 | | | |
| ♦ J-10-9-8 | | | |
| ♣ 8-7-6-4 | | | |
| ♠ A-J-10-7-5-2 | N | ♠ K-6 | |
| ♥ K-10 | W | ♥ A-Q-9-7 | |
| ♦ 7-5-2 | | ♦ 6-4-3 | |
| ♣ A-J | | ♣ K-Q-10-3 | |
| | | S | |
| ♠ Q-9-8-3 | | | |
| ♥ J-5-3 | | | |
| ♦ A-K-Q | | | |
| ♣ 9-5-2 | | | |

This hand illustrates the Grand Coup, the most brilliant coup that has been devised. It consists in getting rid of a plethora of trumps

in order to make a trick not otherwise available.

West, the Declarer, opens with a call of One Spade. North passes and East gives the Jump Shift response of Three Hearts. North and South passing, the bidding progresses—West, Three Spades; East, Four Spades.

The bidding is perfectly simple and conventional, but the play—that's another matter altogether.

The average bridge player can hardly conceive a situation wherein the Goddess of Fortune has smiled on him with too many trumps. However, there are rare occasions when Declarer, with unfavorable trump distribution against him finds himself handicapped by the possession of too many trumps, as is illustrated in this deal.

North opens the Diamond Jack and South takes three Diamond tricks.

At trick four, South leads a Club—Declarer winning with the Ace.

Declarer now leads Spades and finesses the Ten on Dummy's return lead. The return lead reveals to Declarer that South holds the Queen-Nine of trumps.

There is only one solution to the problem. Declarer must shed some of his trumps.

Declarer leads the Jack of Clubs and Dummy overtakes with the King, for the purpose of returning the small Club for Declarer to ruff and shorten his trump holding.

Declarer now leads the Heart King and Dummy overtakes with the Ace, for the purpose of returning another Club for Declarer to ruff.

Note that Declarer is apparently throwing away his money like a drunken sailor, but await the dénouement.

Declarer leads the Heart Ten and Dummy takes with the Queen, and now for the show-down.

At the twelfth trick:

| | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| Declarer Holds | South Holds |
| ♠ A-J | ♠ Q-9 |
| Dummy leads a heart— | |

CURTAIN!

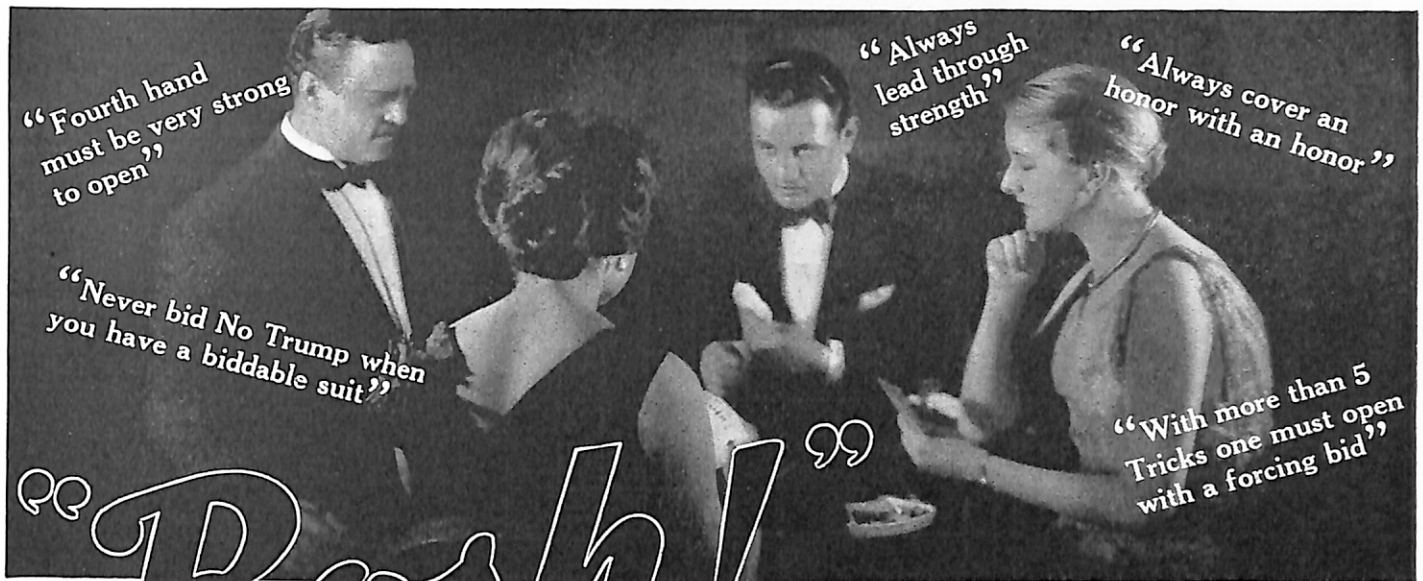
Many requests have been received asking for special articles by Mr. Courtenay, but a large number have also been received asking for complete detail on the New Standardized Official System of bidding.

By arrangement with Bridge Headquarters we are enabled to offer Mr. Courtenay's cloth covered book, "Contract Bridge Simplified For 1933," a regular \$1 book, at the actual cost of publishing, namely, 35c in stamps including postage. If you would like a copy of this book, please send your order direct to Bridge Headquarters, Inc., 285 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., with the necessary stamps, and it will be mailed to you immediately.

This offer is available only to members of Elks Lodges, and only one book can be sent to one person.



CHARLES PHILIPS CUSHING



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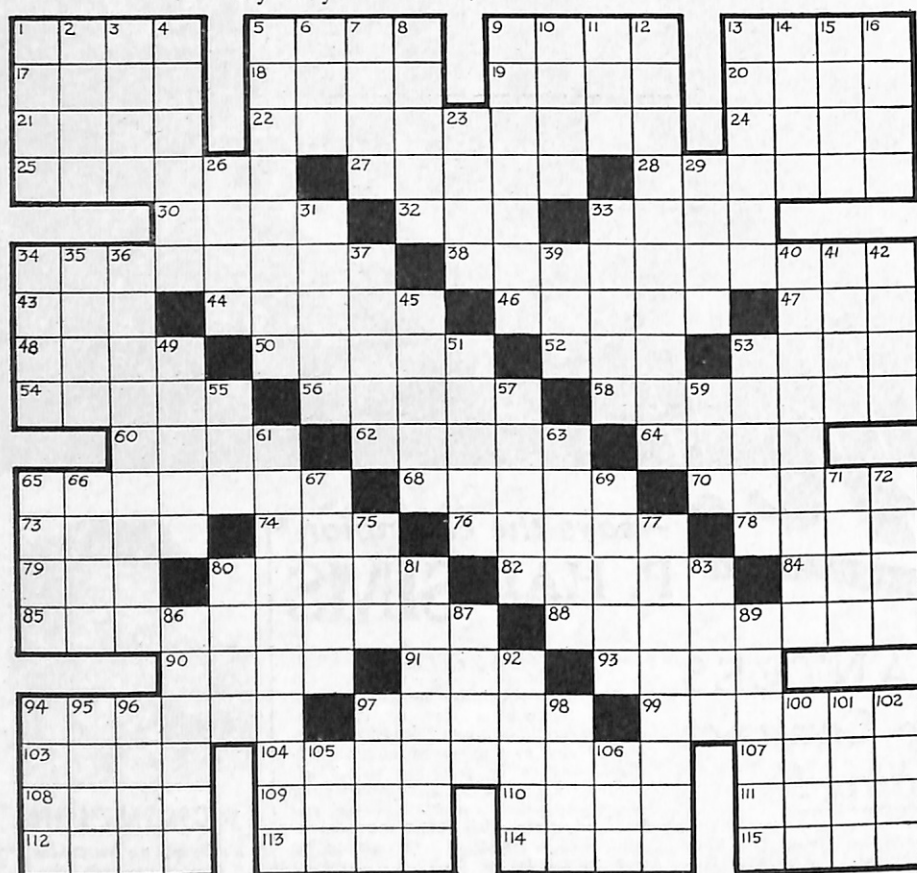
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Cross-Word Puzzle

By Wayne Denton, Ruleton, Kansas



Across

- 1—Labyrinth
5—Wooden pins
9—An inclined plane
13—Noise of a snake
17—Species of goat
18—Leave out
19—Water-pitcher
20—Wooden wind-instrument
21—Loosely hanging attachment
22—To oil
24—Vex
25—Crime usually punishable by death
27—Near the beginning
28—Critic
30—Heroic story
32—Yes
33—Tube
34—Morning bugle call
38—Fall to ruin
43—Form of lyric poetry
44—Hall serving as anteroom
46—Having supernatural or superhuman powers
47—Remunerate
48—Flying appendage
50—Pipes
52—Heavy felt half-boot
53—Of indeterminate quantity
54—A cubic unit of metric measure
56—Intended
58—Provokes

60—Turnouts for driving

62—Fall into reverie
64—Scare away, as fowls

65—Fascination
68—A Mohammedan of distinction

70—Fungus on rye
73—Part of lungs
74—A dance

76—Mohammedan sacred scripture
78—A very small amount

79—A measure of length
80—Being above

82—Fertile spot
84—An age of the universe

85—Pertaining to electricity
88—Legally permitted

90—Regard with attention
91—Large vessel

93—Cover with wax
94—Raise in relief
97—Prices

99—A German
103—Den of a wild animal

104—A cord-like paste
107—Something that is emblematic

108—Father
109—Relieve
110—In addition to

111—Barely makes
112—Finishes
113—Helped onward

114—Speaks
115—A fissure

Down

1—Vex slightly
2—Competent
3—Fervor

4—Reveal
5—Expressed in many languages

6—Large Australian bird
7—Taunt

8—Wander beyond limits
9—Recover

10—At a distance
11—Encountered
12—High steep cliffs

13—Having horns
14—Species of wading bird

15—Composition for single voice
16—Prophet

23—Angered
26—Clawlike appendage

29—Noble
31—A register
33—An idolater

34—Brawls
35—Prepare for publication

36—Meriting high esteem
37—Declined

39—Lick
40—Excuses
41—Domesticated

42—Scrutinizes
45—To long
49—To sully

51—Slink

53—To rage
55—Self, considered as the seat of consciousness

57—Exclude
59—Indefinite article
61—Keeps back

63—Conformed to right conduct
65—Merriment

66—Recline languidly
67—Having speed
69—Having the nature of a base

71—An Indian tribe
72—To look after
75—Dry: said of wines

77—Subtleties
80—Members of an Indian tribe
81—Despoiled

83—Dry up
86—Routine domestic duties
87—Thin strip of wood

89—Neither masculine nor feminine
92—Is surcharged

94—Otherwise
95—The high sea
96—A vertebrate animal

97—To level with the ground
98—A covered colonnade

100—A cur
101—To unlock
102—Cozy place of abode

105—Soft food for babies
106—To endeavor

Pike, the Scout-Spy

(Continued from page 16)

reached the bed of a brook, kept to the water until he could jump to a stone ledge, trod on stones as much as he could until he was across a ridge, and descended to a road in the valley. He seemed to have thrown the dogs off the scent. But he heard mounted patrols and feared he was in a net. Off the road he saw lights from negro shanties. His uniform was pass-word with the darkies. A woman bundled up food for him, a young fellow guided him to a safe spot, hid him for a day and returned the following night to lead him to his first hide-out and his horse. Much chirked up, he took new chances as he circled homeward, avoiding the Fayetteville district. The day was Sunday and meeting was being held at a country church. He rode his horse up to the doorway and called upon the minister to pray for "the President of the United States." Preacher and congregation had every reason to believe a Cavalry company was in his rear. The minister obeyed. Pike was a rough man, untroubled, one fears, by the thought of the bad taste of his action. Further on the road he took two Confederate soldiers prisoners and paroled them after confiscating their weapons. He had rather a close call when he came upon a Confederate captain and his orderly. Before then, fortunately, he had thrown away the guns of the soldier pair.

"Isn't that a Yankee uniform?" demanded the captain.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it's unsafe to wear any other where I've been beyond Shelbyville."

"Your regiment?"

"Wharton's Rangers, Captain Cook."

The answers were adequate. The captain hoped the spy had a good report to make. Pike said he had, and saluted his farewell. He was making that report to General Mitchell before another morning.

This sally, in addition to putting the seal of practicability upon Pike's new method of spying, also provided his superiors with the military information that the Confederates had assembled great stores at Huntsville. The place was attacked and the depots burned. Through Pike heavy blows had been inflicted upon the South, first Shelbyville, now Huntsville. Had his existence been known it would have been worth while to offer a big reward for his capture.

PRESENTLY, however, the Confederates got him without reward, though at some expense of blood and without realizing who they held. He had been sent to find out the size of the Gray garrison at Bridgeport. He entered the town, with his blue uniform and his Texas subterfuge, and secured his data, but in a cross-examination by a shrewd officer he slipped up in his guess at the camp location of Wharton's Rangers, in which he had again claimed membership. The officer let him go temporarily, but made a telegraphic check that uncovered the spy. Pike already had left town but had not gone far enough. A Cavalry troop was sent after him. This time there was no escape. The cabin he had entered was surrounded before he was aware of danger. From the doorway he fought a one-man battle, killing a sergeant and wounding a trooper before he was borne down by weight of numbers.

Yet notice how well Pike's scheme of uniform and even his resistance continued to serve him. He had been taken as a fighting soldier in his own colors. That he was on a spying quest did not alter the situation in military law. In the last war a soldier who crept from the trenches to find out the strength of the enemy in the opposite out-works was, if captured, a prisoner and not a spy. His rating was as if he had been seized in any skirmish. So with Pike in the Civil War.

The civilians in Bridgeport wanted, of course, to have him hung as a spy. Hadn't he come secretly into town and put it into peril? The military retorted curtly that he had not come secretly and that peril was a normal phase of war. A mob tried to rise, but a company of infantry dispersed the mob, and the captain and his first lieutenant slept that night with Pike stretched out between them. As in the instance of Colonel Morgan, who was released after inadvertent arrest and treated as a guest, the respect given by both sides to the traditions of honorable warfare was again illustrated. Pike, not exactly in accord with his deserts, since he was a purposeful spy, was the gainer.

He was removed soon to Chattanooga, where he was treated as a prisoner of war, although many others in the prison were under accusation as spies, and awaiting trial, among them Captain Andrews and twenty-one men from Ohio regiments of Pike's own brigade. These unfortunates, Pike reported after his exchange, were ironed in pairs. Pike tried vainly to communicate with them—the guard was too rigorous. The groups were broken up shortly, some being sent to Atlanta and others, with Pike, to Knoxville. Then there was transfer to Macon, where there was a large prison camp. From this stockade Pike made an escape, an ill-fated dash during which he wandered miserably in a swamp for six days before he was recaptured. The exposure and bad water brought him down with typhoid pneumonia. He was very ill for several weeks, and was barely able to stand when he took new life from the news that he was to be sent to Montgomery and included in an exchange of prisoners with the North. He was exchanged in October, 1862, and forwarded to Washington and then sent to hospital. The chances of his becoming fit for more soldier duty were considered so slight that he was urged to accept a discharge. He refused the offer, insisting he would soon be on his feet again.

He knew his own stamina. He got well, returned to the Army of Tennessee, and was attached as a scout to the headquarters of General Rosecrans. The face of the war had changed during his absence—the forces on both sides were larger, and grim grappling not far away. But scouts were as necessary as ever. Pike moved in and out of the lines. On an early occasion, he once more played the part of an enemy sentinel, this time as a butternut infantryman instead of cavalry captain. He hung about a Confederate camp for several days, hiding in a hollow log by daytime and taking a sentry post at night. By challenging he established the identity of the various units. Finally, hungry, his hardtack all gone, and feeling that his work was done, he fired his gun a little distance from an outpost where the relief guards were eating around a fire, and yelled, "The Yanks are coming!" Pickets and relief scurried together toward the main body, Pike grabbed the food and went on the other way. Using the information in his report, General D. S. Stanley executed a successful raid on Middleton in April, 1863.

In the early summer, Pike went deep into the mountains, to a no-man's land of raid and ambush between Union mountaineers and Southern foes, who not infrequently were their cousins, sometimes their brothers. His mission was to make an eye-survey of the country, locating passes and water-ways and learning as much as possible about the tangled clan situation, so that the Northern commanders might know with some certainty upon whom to rely. It took a deal of human understanding on Pike's part to get himself received as a friend by the Union bushwhackers, even after he was reasonably sure who some of them were. Pike went warily, and in time he was assured that Bob White of Sequatchie Valley was their head man, but had a home so well guarded with the terror of his name that his wife and sister lived there safely, though he visited it infrequently. Pike figured he would have to get into the good graces of the women

if he was ever to catch up with the leader.

He took the trail to the mountain abode, and from the woods saw a handsome wild girl ride by at a gallop. Robust and hatless, she sat a man's saddle gallantly. Pike admiringly christened her the "Mountain Nymph." She must, he guessed correctly, be Bob's sister, Eliza. The hoof-marks of the horse were guide enough to lead him to the white house. When he rapped, Eliza herself opened the door, greeting him with the cool remark that her sister had him covered with a rifle but that he was welcome to tell his story, if he talked fast and had a good one. Pike told the truth, and evidently made a good impression on the women, for while non-committal, they invited him to eat and spend the night.

WHEN he tried the door after he was shown to his room, and found it locked, he suspected a trap. Yet an inspection of the room improved his spirits, for the window was unfastened. He opened it and left it so, after making sure that he could vault easily to the ground. In weariness he threw himself, clothed, on the cot and was soon asleep. He was awakened by the sound of men's voices, though he could not make out what was being said. Dropping from the window, and closing it after him, he crept around the corner of the house to a spot where he could hear better, and also see the interior. The unwelcome visitors were a Confederate lieutenant and a half a dozen of his men. The young officer was embarrassed, and the girl, for she was doing the talking for the family, was standing up to him boldly—an angry beauty.

"I've been a-tellin' you," she was saying, "that he got his supper with us, and left about dark a-foot to go to the cut-off to Chattanooga. He told us he was a Georgian, goin' home. What if he did wear a Yankee uniform? Lots do when they can get 'em."

The vixen was too much for the hectoring officer. He took his men and started up the trail toward the cut-off. Pike dropped away among the trees. He was climbing the window-sill when the door opened and the girl came in. She was tense under the strain of the half-hour. She said she had locked the door so that it would hold long enough to allow him to escape through the window if there should be such a caller. Pike thanked her for her grit. She was franker with him than she had been earlier in the evening and said she hoped either her brother or some of his men would be there before morning.

One MacArthur, Bob's lieutenant and Eliza's sweetheart, arrived at midnight at the head of a rough looking but disciplined body of riders. A report of the Confederate visit had brought him flying. Pike confronted a bearded young giant, and quickly convinced him that they had work to do together. When the force took the road again, Pike and one of the horsemen were riding double. Pike envied MacArthur the parting kiss from Eliza. At the mountain camp Bob White and Pike recognized each other as kindred spirits. The scout remained with the bushwhackers, for a period and often that summer was back and forth between the Union base and the mountain fastness. But the Northerner did not again meet Eliza.

Great battle was impending in September, and Pike was withdrawn from scouting to take his place in the fighting line with his regiment. The collision came at Chickamauga. His regiment suffered heavily in the days of battle, but Pike was not wounded. Immediately afterwards he was detached to scout for General Crook up the Tennessee, and the hour for his supreme feat approached. General Grant had taken command of the army and was preparing the campaign against Chattanooga. The corps of General Sherman was at distant Iuka, in Mississippi. Grant had need of Sherman and his men. The armies were a hundred miles apart. An airplane of modern warfare would have leaped the space in half an hour.

(Continued on page 44)

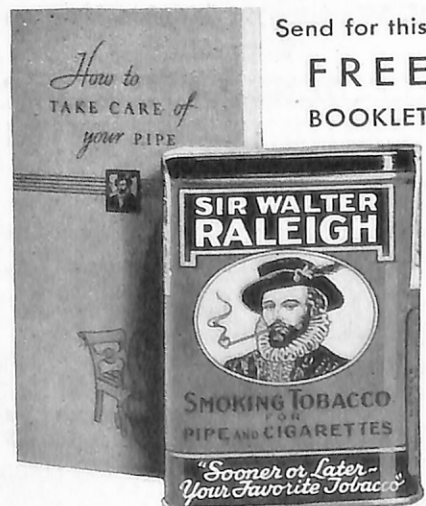
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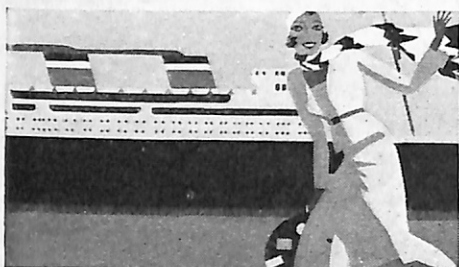


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(Continued from page 43)

Radio would have taken the message in an instant. In that crisis of 1863, however, a wilderness barrier and a vigilant enemy stood between the two commanders. The Tennessee River itself was the only rapid channel of possible communication, and long extents of its banks were held and patrolled by the Confederates. General Grant sent messengers by land and water. Half a score of scouts made valiant efforts to pierce or to elude the cordons. Only two got through and Pike was the first by three days.

He started from Whitesburgh in a canoe. He was not much of a boatman, and knew the swift and winding river only from its shores. The particular peril of the waterway, putting aside the prospect that he would be picked off by riflemen on the banks, was the forty-mile rapid of Muscle Shoals. Few cared to run the Shoals in the day-time. He would have to do so by night. Of the locality itself he knew little. He pushed off in the darkness, thinking less of distant danger than of the risk of capture in the early stages of the journey. He ran by a Confederate company before daybreak, and after he had passed Decatur he went ashore under a bluff, drew the canoe into the brush and slept beside it during the day. After another night's run, he took shelter for the day on a river island, but late in the afternoon he was seen by a land patrol, and a boatload of soldiers came out to search the island. He showed himself purposely at the upper end of the island and when the boat headed for that spot he skulked through the undergrowth to the lower extremity, pulled his canoe to the water and shot with it into the current. By the time the soldiers had beaten their way down the island he was too far ahead for pursuit. Night came to protect him.

At Lamb's Ferry, at the head of Muscle Shoals, he was caught in an eddy which turned his canoe round and round and held him prisoner for an hour. The passage of the Shoals was "a fearful ride in the dark"—he lay at full length in his canoe, balancing it with the shifting of his weight, letting the waters have their way, trusting blindly that the craft would not be tossed upon the rocks. Confident at last that he had passed the last Confederate forces at South Florence, he landed at Tuscumbia, and shortly was hailing a Federal picket. A locomotive engine was uncoupled from its train, and Pike and his message were sped on the final stage to Iuka. General Sherman took the paper from his hands.

The General, too, wrote the military record of the achievement.

"Corporal James Pike," he set down, "in October, 1863, carried a message from General Grant to me at Iuka. He came down the Tennessee over Muscle Shoals, 100 miles of river, every mile picketed by the enemy. It was that message that hastened my movement on Chattanooga. The whole affair is highly creditable to the skill and daring of Corporal Pike."

After the battle of Lookout Mountain, in which he took part, Pike was off on another scout, across the border of Tennessee into North Carolina. There he and his half-dozen privates Unionized a county. Their dartings from the mountains into the valleys were so rapid and so scattered that the fewness of their numbers was not suspected. The Confederate Colonel W. C. Walker had returned on leave to his home in the vicinity of Murphy. He began to raise a body of defense. Pike learned that the colonel's personal guard did not exceed the number of his own men. Counting on surprise, he attacked the Walker house on New Year's night, 1864, intending to take the officer a prisoner. The assault succeeded, but in the mêlée the colonel was killed, an unfortunate outcome deeply regretted by Pike.

The chief purpose of the thrust into North Carolina was to find, if possible, a feasible spy route into Georgia. Pike returned to headquarters with a favorable report, that is, he said he could get in, but didn't think he could

get out. He was instructed to proceed and to make the effort to break down the transport of Confederate supplies and ammunition by destroying a key bridge at Augusta, if he could get that far. Pike took the order philosophically, saying he probably wouldn't come back, and that he hoped the Union Army would find traces of him when it got to Augusta some day. He picked a big, nervy youngster, Charles Gray, for a companion. They had explosives as well as their equipment to carry. They wore their Blue uniforms.

They went from Chattanooga to Charleston, Tennessee and thence to Hiawasse. Crossing the Frog mountains they set their course for the Blue Ridge. Sympathetic mountaineers fed and guided them. Where the Tallehah River and the Chattanooga River form the Tugalo they said good-bye to the last of their mountaineer guides. That night they stole a canoe and started down the Tugalo, hiding by day and running by night. The Tugalo joined with the Savannah. They kept on. There were no towns on the Savannah immediately above Augusta. They were not seen. On the night of the third of June they ran their canoe under a dogwood tree close to Hamburg and opposite Augusta.

THEY were in a region of powder mills, arsenals, supply depots, road concentration, and the bridge which had been their goal. Peering from their leafy shelter they saw the passage of prison trains, loaded down with captured Union soldiers. With the sick feeling of dismay they realized that the massing of guards everywhere made their pin-pricking mission utterly hopeless. Yet they were not men who would turn back without trying to strike a blow. When night came they gathered dry wood, drifted under the bridge in the canoe, made an explosive pyre on the bank at one end of the structure, laid a trail of powder, touched it off and fled away from the river. They had no faith that they could escape by up-stream paddling in their canoe. They had little faith of success in any flight.

Fire leaped up behind them. Figures converged upon it. The damage was not great. The Southerners were methodical hunters. Dogs picked up the trail of the fugitives before the flames had hardly died away. Yet the fleet runners got nine miles into the woods before they were circled next morning by the horsemen who followed the dogs. Twice Pike and Gray stood the pack off, shooting its leaders, until the hunt narrowed down to climax. Taking as good a defensive position as they could, they parleyed then for surrender. They would shoot it out, Pike shouted, unless they were granted rights as prisoners of war. No need the pursuers concluded, to spend lives needlessly. The terms were accepted and Pike and Gray laid down their guns. While they were under a small guard at a plantation house, a mob seized them and purposed to hang them as spies. Pike talked the ring-leaders out of the notion, telling them that such an act would bring upon them the severest retribution that military law could inflict when the Union Army arrived, as it surely would. A year earlier they might have mocked him. In June of 1864, the cautious and responsible men in the crowd, more doubtful of the future, were impressed. They insisted on the return of the prisoners to military custody. They were marched to Augusta to join the sad cohort of their fellows.

For five months Pike and Gray were in prison—Augusta, Charleston, and Columbia. Sherman was marching to the sea, and Columbia due to fall. The prisoners were moved again. On the way to Winnsboro, the two escaped together and successfully made their way to the advancing Federals.

The war was not quite ended for Pike, but there was no more call for scouting and spying. Eventually, he rejoined his regiment, and with it was mustered out at the close of the conflict. He went home to Ohio, with his dare-devil days behind him.

High Adventure

(Continued from page 11)

it can be readily understood, had its appeal for men who were used to going aloft. Some of them are still left, doing work down below—the men who showed the way to the daring youngsters among the top columns and beams to-day.

"Andy," according to iron workers associated with him, had an uncanny faculty, perhaps developed in his ship captain days, of sitting below and knowing what was going on at the top of the job. And he never forgot an order, when once he had given it.

"Did ye do what I told ye yesterday?" he would ask, and woe to the iron worker who thought "Andy" had let the slightest order be forgotten in the mass of detail which he scorned to commit to paper.

It is related of "Andy" that he burst into the foreman's "shanty" on a disagreeable day when some of the boys were taking advantage of his absence to warm themselves at the little oil heater.

"You see, Mr. Morrison, it isn't very nice up there," one of them ventured, under the spell of "Andy's" glare.

"Nice!" roared "Andy," "When did anyone ever find anything nice in this business?"

"Andy" never let city traffic regulations interfere with the progress of any building that engaged his official attention. He took possession, not only of the site of the skyscraper, but of the abutting streets. Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, the site of the Empire State building, is one of the busiest corners in New York. During the construction of that building, life was one long battle between "Andy" and the traffic officers. Passers-by would often stop, amazed, to hear burly members of the traffic squad "bawled out" in no uncertain language by a fearless giant whose vocabulary went back to the days of fighting mates and recalcitrant foremast hands.

On one occasion "Andy" planted himself in Thirty-fourth Street while he watched the progress of a particularly difficult bit of hoisting. A motorman, backed by a long line of waiting street-cars and automobiles, clanged his bell furiously. "Andy," with his eyes glued on the swinging derricks, stood immovable in the middle of the street-car tracks, and motioned the motorman to go around!

No doubt it was largely on account of this determination to drive the job through, even though the traffic of a great city waited, that "Andy" finished the steel construction on the Empire State building thirty days ahead of time.

Iron workers have few superstitions. One custom is universal—quitting work for the rest of the day whenever a man is killed on the job. Some foremen will not start a job until they have placed a dollar bill under the first column to be erected. Others will plant a coin in the block of concrete on which the first column is to stand.

"I've even started jobs on Friday," said Sam Lowman, "and nobody refused to work. I remember, on the Waterside power house, on the East River, we had a man killed every Friday for five successive weeks. We got so we hated to see Friday come around, but nobody handed in his time."

Wind, fog and rain are the great dreads of iron workers. More time was lost on the Chrysler building because of wind than on account of rain. It is often up to the iron worker to crawl around the beams and top flooring of an embryo skyscraper in a fifty-mile gale, lashing down everything movable. Often the wind will be whistling up above and the men will have to knock off, while down below it is reasonably calm.

The statement that a skyscraper costs one human life for every floor completed is not founded on fact. It is only the men who are working along the outside edges of a building who are liable to fall great distances. A skyscraper is floored every second story, making

twenty-two feet the maximum fall if a man loses his footing inside the frame. But unforeseen things may happen along the outer edge. Tom Jackson, a veteran iron worker on the RCA building, which towers above the other structures in Rockefeller Center, was busy on the sixth floor. An air hose momentarily got away from some riveters up above and knocked over an empty keg. The keg struck Jackson on the shoulder and knocked him into the street below. He fell through some wooden sweeps over a doorway. He broke several of the light timbers, to say nothing of eight of his ribs. But the sweeps saved him from being dashed to pieces on the pavement, and he was back at work after a few weeks in the hospital—not bad for an iron worker of sixty-five years!

John ("Curly") Quinlan, who was chosen for the honor of putting the flag on top of the Empire State building and also on the Chrysler building, once had a miraculous escape from death which threatened him in double form.

"I was connecting on the top cord of a bridge over the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia," said Quinlan. "It was pretty windy, and a gust swung a beam toward me. When a beam comes at you like that, your only chance is to grab it and swing clear with it. In some way I missed my hold on the beam and went head-first into the river, seventy feet below. The river was covered with ice about an inch thick. I broke through, and when I came up I saw the hole I had made in the ice. I swam to it and tried to climb out, but the ice would break under my weight. I was just about all in when help got to me. I had to walk about three miles to get a change of clothing. When I came back I started down an embankment to report to the foreman. The bank was slippery with snow and mud, and I slid all the way to the bottom, wrecking my best suit. That made me sorer than my fall and the dive I had taken through the ice."

The riveters furnish one of the spectacles of steel construction, so far as the man in the street is concerned. Crowds will stand by the hour watching red-hot rivets being passed and caught and marveling at the precision of the workmen.

"The heater is really half the riveting gang," said an old-time iron worker. "A good heater can keep his forge full of rivets of various sizes and pick out each one just at the right time. If a rivet is overheated it crystallizes and becomes full of pit holes. If it is not heated enough it will not drive right, and has to be reamed out. I remember working on a railroad bridge in New England when a heater who wasn't onto his job came near getting us in trouble. The heater was getting rid of his bum rivets by tossing them off the bridge to the shore. He threw some of them too far and they lit in a hay field. It was dry weather and pretty soon there was a fire sweeping across that field. The volunteer fire department had its fire house in one corner of the field, down toward the village. We had to knock off work and help the villagers put out the fire. We finally got it out before it reached the fire house, but it was a close call. When we got through, the riveter said: 'I hope they don't go digging around the field too hard and find out what started that fire.'"

The heater picks the hot rivets out of his forge with tongs and tosses them to the catcher, or "sticker." A good team can work all day, fifty or sixty feet apart, and not lose a rivet. Nowadays the distance has been limited. The heater must move his forge closer when he gets to the fifty-foot mark; also he is not permitted to throw toward a street.

In early days the rivets were caught in a tin bucket, the knack being to make each rivet hit the side. If it struck squarely in the bottom of the bucket it was likely to bounce out. Cases have been known where a hot rivet has bounced into the open shirt collar of an iron worker—

(Continued on page 46)

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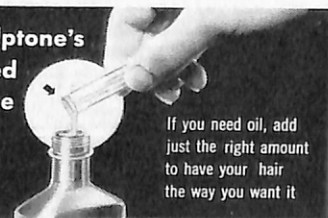
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(Continued from page 45)

in which case the worker stooped and allowed the rivet to burn its way out of his shirt. Nowadays the danger of the bounce has been eliminated by substituting a megaphone-shaped cone, with a handle beneath, which is used by the catcher.

Three hundred rivets a day is a good average for a riveting gang, though as high as 900 have been driven in one day's work. The rivets must pass inspection after being driven.

The gun man and the buckler-up attend to the job of driving rivets. Not infrequently they have to work in dangerous positions, perhaps with only a perilous leg-hold on a column. The riveter has to handle the pneumatic gun, weighing thirty-five or forty pounds, working under high pressure and dealing perhaps a thousand blows a minute, and with sparks from the hot rivets flying over face, hands and clothing. While the gun man is driving, the buckler-up, on the other side, braces the "dolly bar" against the rivet to insure the necessary clinching.

WHILE an iron worker occasionally loses his nerve and asks to be given a job below, it is a fact that most of them feel safer up among the top columns and beams than in the traffic of a great city. Only recently an iron worker who was employed on a particularly heavy piece of construction work for the New York Central Railroad on Manhattan Island, knocked off work and started home. One of the mounted horsemen who precede freight trains and act the part of a flagmen at crossings, lost control of his steed. Even children got out of the way in safety, but the iron worker was confused and stood in his tracks. The horse knocked him down and trampled on him, and the iron worker was sent to the hospital. When the word was passed around, the verdict of the iron workers was:

"That proves how much safer it is up on top!"

Up in his eyrie, where the big beams swing and the pneumatic hammer sings its song all

day, the iron worker goes about his task in matter-of-fact fashion, and scorns any special equipment. His uniform is overalls and jumper, the stoutest of which any connector will wear out in a week of climbing. He wears ordinary shoes in walking beams—rubber soles are too slippery.

There is no age limit among iron workers, except in the case of the connectors, whose constant climbing calls for the vitality of youth. Nor is iron working a field restricted to any particular strains of nationality. It used to be that Swedes and Norwegians, in the sailor-man days, were preponderant. Now one finds various strains—Irish, Scotch, Poles, Italians and even Russians. Indians make good iron workers, some of their fearlessness being due to a more or less fatalistic religion. The Indian believes he will go to the Happy Hunting Ground when he dies. If it is his time to go, he is content. There is a club of Indians in New York City. A considerable proportion of the membership is made up of iron workers, most of whom are from Canadian tribes.

The iron worker gets good wages—\$15 a day in piping times and \$13.20 in these days when cheaper living more than makes up the wage difference. Depression does not hit him with devastating force, for the reason that steel work figures in most of the great Federal and State projects which are launched to take up the slack in the building industry.

Self-taught, for the most part, the average iron worker has an astonishing knowledge of the details of steel construction. Not only can he swarm up a column and connect a beam, heat a rivet to exactly the right temperature, walk a four-inch needle beam in security, and perform the other details of all-round service, but he can tell you how many pounds of strain a wire rope will hold and can check up major and minor engineering faults with amazing accuracy.

It is this versatility which makes the iron worker outstanding in an age which, according to many commentators, has tended to reduce the mechanic to the status of an automaton, capable of performing one task only.

Blacksmith's Son

(Continued from page 20)

school—was discharged for his Socialistic views too loudly spoken, went to Switzerland with nine dollars, became a hod-carrier near Lucerne, wandered about Switzerland doing odd jobs, ended in Geneva where he worked his way through the University. Made some name for himself there as an orator. He was expelled from one canton after another for his Socialistic utterances, jailed for them time after time. . . . Spent his jail-leisure studying Nietzsche, Marx, Dante and Machiavelli.

Not content with jail the boy engaged in a duel with a Reformist Socialist and was expelled from the whole of Switzerland. So back to Italy; to teaching, Latin, Greek, and French. But he couldn't keep out of jail. That boy had an itch for a cell. Political disputes led him there till it became a habit. Then, in between jail sentences, he found time to become Secretary of the Socialist Labor Group and, at last, began his journalistic work on the staff of the Italian paper, *Popolo*.

In 1910 he founded his first weekly magazine, *The Class War*. His courageous and powerful editorials led to his name becoming a byword in the Socialist papers of the Kingdom. "Mussolini says this, Mussolini says that—" Finally he started his great paper *Popolo d'Italia*, and the tempo of his life increased in leaps and bounds. He threw the weight of his powerful pen on the side of the intervention of Italy with the Allies. He broke with his oldest Socialistic friends who insisted on complete neutrality and was read out of the party.

By January, 1915, he had organized bands of young men numbering thousands, calling themselves "Fasci Rivoluzionaria," pledged to

Italian intervention which eventually came in May of that year. So persistent was he that Italy enter the war that his vehement ardor at a great Roman meeting led to arrest and imprisonment, the eleventh incarceration of his career. But on May 24, 1915 the continued pounding of Mussolini and the burning eloquence of the poet, D'Annunzio, prevailed, and Italy declared war against Austria-Hungary.

So he went off to be a soldier. Just a common soldier. By hard work he got to be a corporal. Think of the effect on the morale of his devoted following when the word went out that "the chief" was fighting in the trenches, shoulder to shoulder with the dough-boys of Italy. He was seriously wounded, spent six months in hospital, six more on crutches.

Returning to his desk as editor of the *Popolo d'Italia*, his editorials bolstered up the Italian morale after the Caporetto defeat until the final victory at the Piave, and the eventual Austrian surrender.

And so on. . . . He did not stop. He fought Bolshevism, social unrest, governmental weakness and incompetency. Adjusted the sixty-year-old difference with the Vatican, established national credit, built up a great merchant marine, restored the Roman ruins in their ancient settings, reclaimed the Pontine marshes for agriculture, built schools, colleges and then built the seaport of Ostia with a boulevard eighteen miles long, connecting it with Rome.

His latest exploit, as I write this late in February, is the organization of a new-fledged corporation similar to our own Reconstruction

Finance Corporation. It is called the Istituto Ricostruzione Industriale, and is a sort of oxygen tank for invalid business. This I. R. I. has just floated a new \$50,000,000 loan *entirely in Italy*. It sold bonds by means characteristically Mussolini—by injecting into a government bond issue the lottery element. An element that no Anglo-Saxon government would be inclined to foster, but which makes an appeal to the gambling instinct of human nature; the instinct to get something for nothing. In short, holders of bonds with serial numbers which turn out to be lucky will receive during the next five years, \$6,500,000—and each year there will be a grand prize of \$50,000. Whether or not the end justified the means the fact remains that the issue was over-subscribed in one day.

In the meantime, Mr. Mussolini has kept the lira at par, and his per capita budget deficit at \$3.75 as compared to our own of \$12.22.

He is still going strong and does not look his fifty years. Keen and alert because physical fitness is part of his code, he spends fifteen hours of hard work every day in his office at the Palazzo di Venezia.

As I left this five-century-old palace at the foot of Capitoline Hill and strolled up the new Mussolini Boulevard to the old Coliseum I passed the ancient statue of another and earlier Caesar, Julius by name.

I stopped for a moment to make a comparison of the past and present Dictators of Rome, and found but little resemblance in the two. The former was tall and thin, with a bulging dome, sharp nose and pointed chin, the latter is a modern bull-dog with a head like Bismarck.

How would Mussolini fare in America? How would he overcome the handicap of our present legislative system in times like these? It's any man's guess. We do know that he changed the archaic laws of Italy and gave mobility to government machinery so greatly needed in this day. But he would have had a tougher job over here. Italy is a small and close-knit country. Its 40,000,000 people are a volatile Latin race easily moved by eloquence and the personal magnetism of their leaders. Mussolini can be in Turin in Northern Italy to-day, and at the southern extremity of his country to-morrow. In one great meeting he has swung the disgruntled laboring class of Piedmont to his way of thinking by sheer eloquence and power of his personality—the next day turned the antagonisms of a Southern city to some part of his program into enthusiastic endorsement by the same methods. Your Anglo-Saxon moves more slowly and perhaps more surely. Mussolini likes his job, he hopes to keep it for a long time and Italy hopes so, too. His own view on this point is well illustrated in his evident enjoyment of Emil Ludwig's quotation regarding Napoleon's remark to his brother when he entered the Tuileries after the first coup d'état. "Well, here we are. Let's see to it that we stay here."

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

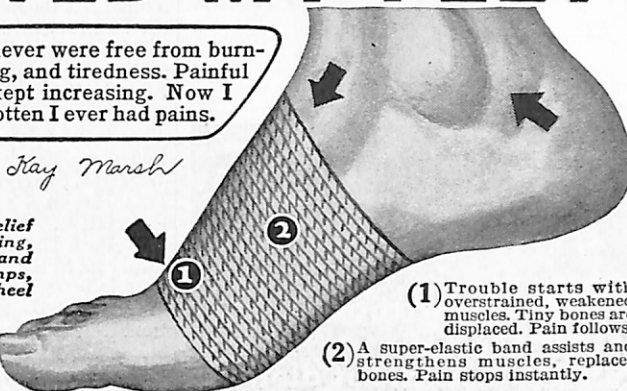
(See page 42)

| | | | |
|------------|------------|---------|------|
| MAZE | PEGS | RAMP | HISS |
| IBEX | OMIT | EWER | OBOE |
| FLAP | LUBRICATE | RILE | |
| FELONY | EARLY | CENSOR | |
| SAGA | YEAP | PIPE | |
| REVEILLE | DILAPIDATE | | |
| ODE | LOBBY | MAGIC | PAY |
| WING | TUBES | PAC | SOME |
| STERE | MEANT | NETTLES | |
| RIGS | DREAM | SHOO | |
| GLAMOUR | NABOB | ERGOT | |
| LOBE | PAS | KORAN | MITE |
| ELL | UPPER | OASIS | EON |
| ELECTRICAL | LICENSED | | |
| HEED | VAT | CERE | |
| EMBOSS | RATES | TEUTON | |
| LAIR | SPAGHETTI | TYPE | |
| SIRE | EASE | MORE | EKES |
| ENDS | SPED | SAYS | RENT |

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Now get quick, lasting relief from foot ailments: burning, aching, tired feeling in feet and legs... foot calluses, cramps, pain in toes, instep, ball or heel... dull ache in ankle, calf or knee... shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of feet or broken-down feeling.

- (1) Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.
- (2) A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

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... amazing new discovery gives immediate relief! Science says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles which permit bone displacement, causing pressure on sensitive nerves and blood vessels. JUNG'S ARCH BRACES, new, scientific discovery, hold bones in position and strengthen muscles. Just slip on. Results are immediate and lasting. Nothing rigid to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. JUNG'S BRACES are highly elastic, amazingly light, thin, strong and durable. Secret is in their tension and stretch. Worn with any kind of footwear.

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—without cushion lift

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☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

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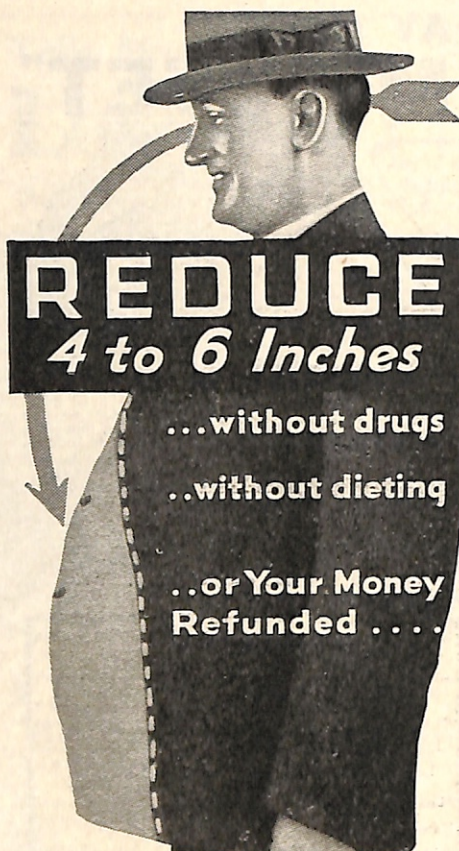
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This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

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"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

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"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feel better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life."

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 29)

rooms. At the meeting afterwards A. W. Cox, the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, presided, with other Past Exalted Rulers filling the various Lodge chairs. Alexander Sherriffs, a Past Exalted Ruler of San Jose, Calif., Lodge, No. 522, who as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler officiated at the institution of this Lodge on March 29, 1913, was present with James M. Shanly, of Oakland Lodge, No. 171, Past President of the California State Elks Association. Seventeen of the Lodge's nineteen Past Exalted Rulers were present and nearly all of the charter members of the Lodge were in attendance. F. Eugene Dayton, Past President of the California State Elks Association, delivered an inspiring talk on the history of the Grand Lodge; Past District Deputy J. E. Gardner, of Watsonville Lodge, talked on the early history of this Lodge. Other speakers were Past President Shanly; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Elmer Dowdy; Past District Deputy James R. Williamson; and Mr. Sherriffs.

Three Cleveland Elks, Wife of 4th Lead City's Bridge Players

Three members of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, were among the final four survivors in the recently terminated winter contract bridge tournament of their city. The fourth player, and the one proclaimed the individual winner of the contest, was Mrs. Boland, wife of Vincent F. Boland, of No. 18. Her partner was George H. Schryver; and the two runners-up were Henry B. Walz and William E. Mayer.

Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge Initiates Class at Birthday Party

More than one hundred members of Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, braved zero weather to attend the meeting which celebrated the thirty-ninth birthday of the Lodge, Past Exalted Rulers Night and also signalized the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edwin Loewenthal. In his address District Deputy Loewenthal, after an eloquent review of the Order's achievements, complimented Mount Vernon Lodge on its spirit and activities. This was also the occasion for the impressive initiation of the Roscoe U. Barker Memorial Class of eleven candidates. Following the Lodge session the members adjourned for purely social festivities in the form of a delicious barbecue luncheon.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Two Birthdays

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the Order, and the twenty-eighth anniversary of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, were recently observed in a joint celebration. The evening started with a business meeting during which the chairs were occupied by Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge and an address was made by Henry L. Coira, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for North Central Pennsylvania. There were short talks from other visiting members of the Order, and the meeting was followed by the initiation of a class of candidates. The ritual was impressively exemplified by the officers of Frackville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1533, for the initiation ceremonies.

Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge Holds Series Of Successful Meetings

Three recent meetings of Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448, have attracted large attendance. The first of these was Drill Team Night, the second Past Exalted Rulers' Night and the third College of Idaho Night. On the first and third nights Elks and their families com-

pletely filled the Lodge room. Drill Team Night features included intricate maneuvers by the drill team, under the direction of Captain Ted Williams, a dancing act, instrumental selections, songs by the Elks quartet, a tumbling act by a group of Caldwell High School boys, a burlesque tragedy and vaudeville skit. At Past Exalted Rulers Night ceremonies eight former Exalted Rulers had entire charge, opening and closing the Lodge meeting. The outstanding entertainment feature of the evening was the initiation of all officers, with due pomp and ceremony, into the "Royal Order of Horses" with the drill team and a large wooden horse from a local harness shop taking part. A hot supper was served shortly after 11 o'clock to the 200 Elks present in the Home.

The College of Idaho Night program was made up of instrumental and vocal music by the college orchestra, German band and glee clubs. There were a few instrumental and vocal solos, also, followed by an interesting talk on conditions in several European countries by a member of the college faculty.

Lodges of Pennsylvania Northeast Welcome District Deputy

Over three hundred members from the nineteen Lodges in his district turned out to give a rousing welcome to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Wilbur G. Warner on the occasion of his homecoming visit to Lehigh, Pa., Lodge, No. 1284. The officers of the district were entertained at a dinner preceding the meeting when representatives of the city welcomed the visitors. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp was among the distinguished group which addressed the assemblage, and an excellent program of vocal music rounded out the festivities.

Covington, Ky., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-eighth Anniversary

Music, happy reminiscences, and some inspiring addresses made the recent celebration of Covington, Ky., Lodge, No. 314, of its thirty-eighth anniversary a memorable occasion. Col. Thomas Cody, a charter member of the Lodge, was the toastmaster and among the distinguished visitors who addressed the assembly were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. E. Curtis and Grand Trustee James S. Richardson.

W. N. Hanna Resigns as Secretary Of Honolulu, H. I., Lodge

After serving for twenty years as Secretary of Honolulu, H. I., Lodge, No. 616, during which time he saw the membership grow from ninety to the present figure of more than one thousand, W. N. (Mark) Hanna, has resigned his post. Mr. Hanna's resignation was accepted by his fellow members with the greatest reluctance, and only then because his action was prompted by the state of his health which of recent months has not been good. "The Old Master," as Mr. Hanna is known affectionately in his Lodge, has been given the honorary titles of Secretary Emeritus and Official Greeter of No. 616.

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Past Exalted Rulers' Night

The recent celebration by San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, of Past Exalted Rulers Night was distinguished by the attendance of every living Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, twenty-two in number. In addition to this laudable record the Lodge can boast that at the regular meetings the attendance of Past Exalted Rulers rarely drops below 50 per cent.

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BAFFLING !

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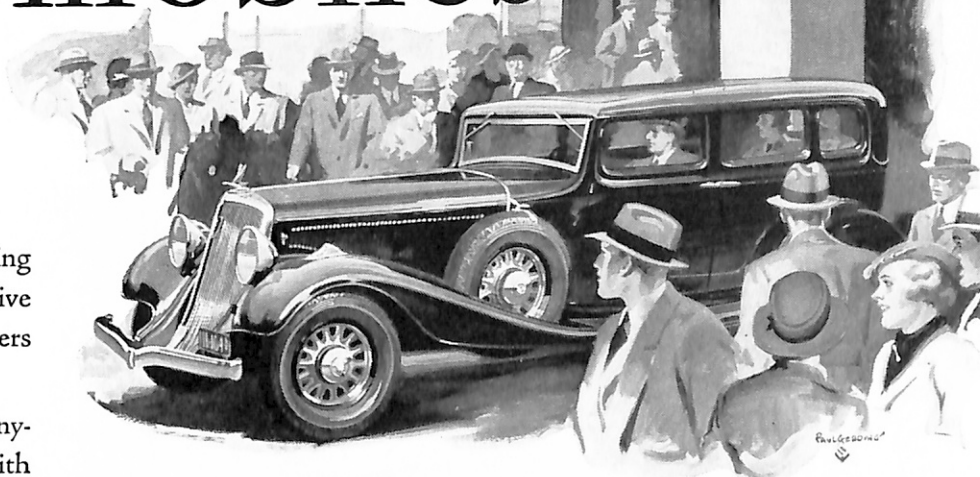
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in every drop**

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Put in Quaker State, and you put in 4 quarts of motor lubricant, net. No light-end material. That's all taken out at the refinery. Nothing to vaporize, burn up and blow away.

• 2 •

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Motors lubricated with Quaker State don't suffer from scanty lubrication due to vanishing oil. You'll find your oil-level stays up... and your repair bills stay down...when you have that extra quart of lubrication in every gallon.

• 3 •

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